C

Occasions Off-spring.

OR

POEMS

UPON

Severall Occasions:

By *Mathew Stevenson.*

Mart. *Dic mihi quid melius desidiosus agat?*

LONDON,
Printed for *John Place* and are to be sold at his shop at *Furnivalls Inne* Gate in *Holborne* 1645.

To my beſt Friend and courteous Coſen Mr. *Benjamin Cook* all good wiſhes.

SIR,

PUr candid Interpretations of theſe conceits ſeverally, hath animated mee to a gleaning them up together; and betrai'd you to a Dedication, they ſay, *Quæ proſunt ſingula, multa juvant.* Nor is it unuſuall, for men of my condition, in this nature, to repend the good nature of their munificent friends

However, did my ſtarres promiſe mee any other requite, This trifling barke (ballanced with ſcarce any thing but ſand and ſtones) ſhould to the fortune of the doubtfull waves without a Palinure: in hope, either theſhores would protect the ſhallow, or the deep drown it, out of ſight, and time, out of minde. I confeſſe I can look upon it, no otherwiſe then a degree of impudence, to obtrude that upon your patronage which I my ſelfe have ſcarce confidence to owne: Nevertheleſſe, deigne it your accept, ſince, though you finde in it (probably) nothing good, you may yet aſſure

your

your ſelf of the good will, and good intents of him, that reſolves to leave nothing unattempted, might any wayes render him

Sir,

Your moſt gratefull ſervant,

M. STEVENSON.

READER.

I *Have here drawn up, a* Poetick *party of* Pegaſean *pulfries in the new* Artillary *ground of this book, which as they now ſtand in cloſe order, under the colours, and command of the Book-binder: ſeem no leſſe unanimous, then uniforme; but upon a little examination, you ſhall finde them* Pro *and* con, *round and royall, and like the* Cadmean Upſtarts *ſheathing their weapons in each others entrails. Many of them I muſt tell you are* Amazonian *Archers fighting under the banner of their winged Generall; Others under the careleſſe flaggs of fancy for the merry halfe Crownes:* Æqua Venus Teucris, Pallas iniqua fuit. *Others are at their guard, and wall in themſelves with the ſtones of their obdurate hearts, of whom the Poet ſayes.* Et dicam ſilices pectus habere. *If you chance (as I can not hope but you will)*

Erre

either in mine or the Printers oversight, meet some lame Souldiers, I hope they shall likewise meet your charity. For the times, being like themselves humoursome, they seeme to promise me some approve; provided the Proverb hold true, Like to like. But what need I feare to mount that brain sick stage, where evenlyes and Libells, under the new fangled notion of news, passe as currant as our coine, for my part, I am not so in love with my owne feathers, as to think them worthy a terse eare, or an ingenious eye: Nor doe I yet so abdicate my owne ability, but that I judge my flames, as much above your contempt, as beneath your envy.

To

To the Author my very loving *Cos.* Mr. *M. Stevenson.*

COs. I confesse, and thou knowst I am one
That never yet had tast of Helicon.
Yet those loose ares that I did lately glean
From the full Harvest of thy fruitfull pen,
I here returne thee; knowing the so kinde
Thou wilt my love: and not my language minde.
Trust mee Cos. this course paper I design
Not as a grace, but soyle to set off thine.
For I am certaine theres no eare so terse
But will be ravisht With thy smoother verse.
But hold, I must thy just applause refraine
For that, Part of my bloud runn's in thy veyne.
Yet they will pardon this poore God a mercie,
That note how many Poems point at

R. C.

To

To the inimitable Poet, My honourd friend,

The *AUTHOR.*

BVt must I pen thy prayse my noble friend
That were a task would never have an end.
Ide have thy golden Poems writ in Gold
Thy names great title in fames list enrold.
Virgill no more shall Prince of Poets be
But thou; Hee's but a petty Prince to thee.
Ile to the grove where freshest Laureats grow
And plat a wreath my self to crown thy brow.

H. A.

To my Ingenious friend, the *AUTHOR,*

AND must I adde my mite Deare Steven-
son,
I know then wilt accept it, well? tis done.
Faith I can't tell while I thy lines read ore
Whether I love thee \ Or admire the more.

Thy

Thy books not fraught with tales of Robin hood,
But lofty fancy, By the Lord tis good:
Thy sweet-lippt Muse most ample test doth give,
Of high events, and I say let her Live.

N. B.

To my most esteemed friend, The AUTHOR.

TEll me no more of Withers *wilde abuses*
Thy book a thousand times more wit produces.
Withers *shall wither, whilst thy bayes are seen*
Like Daphnes *Chapplet of immortall green:*

F. B.

To his very good friend The AUTHOR.

I Have perus'd thy book in which I finde
The perfect portrait of thy noble minde.

I muſt confeſſe I once was one of thoſe
Did both ſuſpect thy poeſie, and proſe.
But having read thee too, as well as it
I am thy Wittneſſe, t'was thine owne pure witt.
And therefore ſhall even for thy ſake alone
Conclud, Minerva *weares a colour'd gowne.*

R. D.

In Honorem Authoris.

NOt that I think that thy Aonian wine
Ha's any need of this poore buſh of mine.
But that in ſome ſmall meaſure yet I might
Exrpeſſ the love I owe thee, I muſt writ
And prayſe thy fluent fancy that atteines
To that with eaſe, which others can't with pains
Many of theſe thy Poems did I ſee
Drop from thy ready pen Ex tempore.
And fitly cal'd Occaſions ofspring waſt
For the τὸ νυν *of time flew not more faſt:*
Did the conceit come even twixt Cup and Lip.
It was thine owne occaſion could not ſlip
Whence Ime convinc'd that poetri's a ſpirit,
Which except heaven infuſe none can inherit.

Thine yea thine

T: H.

Occaſions Off-ſpring.

OR,

POEMS,

Upon ſeverall Occaſions.

To Her that loves me.

AWay with fond Hyperbolies,
Sublim'ing duſt to Deities.
I purpoſe but to ſay y'are faire,
As Envie muſt confeſs you are:
If you were not; you ſhould not h're
My praiſe, ſhould knees couch your (deſire.

But you are ſo, which to deny
Can be no leſs then Hereſie.
Doubtleſs the Qeen of beauty was,
But like your ſelf ſome peerleſs Laſs:
Till by her *Cypian Zelots* ſhe
Mounted the ſtile of deitie.
Had you liv'd then, I really do
Preſume y'had been a Goddeſs too.

For in your features men may ſee
The God of Loves artillary
Your curling Treſſe, is all the bow
The wanton wars with, here below.
His fire-locks too, the world eſpy,
Preſented in your ſparkling eye:
Your fame's his Trumpet, and men ſeek
His Banner in your baſhfull cheek.
Your pearly rows at every ſmile,
Like *Cadmus* Troops ſtand ranck and file.
If then ſo fair a front appear,
Doubt not, there's ſomewhat in the rear:
But tis not fit we further look,
Since Nature's pleas'd to ſhut the book:
Howere I hope I ſha'nt diſpleaſe her,
To gueſs what I ſee not hid treaſure.

Nil non Laudabile vidi.

To my Coy Charola.

1.

YOu cannot love; for ſhame
Come bluſh your ſelf into a penitent flame:
Does the choice flowre reſiſt
Becauſe the faire ſt n, enjoy't that liſt:
Or the eye-taking fruit,
Plead not yet ripe? away, there needs no ſuit.
Why women are as truly ours,
To be enjoy'd as fruit, or flowres.
But tis our fault
That we exhalt
Them ſo, that they rebell againſt our powres

Come

2.

COme, come, yet I affect yee, (yee
If you can't love again ; Let me direct
'Tmay be 'cauſe you are fair,
And levigable as the downy aire;
You ſtand upon't, you will not yeeld,
But Phœnix-like your ſelf will build.
Do ſo, and then
Repent agen ; (fair field.
When Autumne hath poſſeſs'd your own

3.

BUt oh behold I woo
VVho ſhould command, I beg and
My *Charola* admires, (glad on't too.
Since the is Ice, I ſo complain of fires.
Had ſhe a flaming Dart, (cold heart.
She would improv't to warm her own
Ah me, does not Dame nature ſtint
Her flame-begetting ſparks to flint?
Pray do but feel
The ſtone-cold ſteel;
And if you can ſay there's no fire within't,

4.

But ah my vaine complaint!
My Obſequies attend a ſcornfull Saint.
Water by dropping oft
Is wont to make the hardeſt marble ſoft:
But my moiſt eyes procure,
No gentlenes, but rather make obdure.
But I have done my do, for I
Find all things meete in milery.

And to survive
In vain I strive;
Since I have seen an Angel, I must dye.

5.

How dye? why so, did not
The Queen of Beauty on *Adonis* dote?
And *Paris* confident eyes,
Survey the features of three Deities?
Ah but far more divine,
Is my fair Saint then *Paris* triviall Trine:
Whom while I court, my hopes but reare
A fancy'd Castle in the Aire.
Not unlike those
That do suppose
Their wish effected in a falling Star.

Credo equidem nec vana fides genus esse deorum.

Love-sick Lucilla *to her unkinde Shepheard.*

AND must I dye? and must I dye for love?
For love, that makes me like the Gods above?
If I must dye, what need these flames? belike
You'l execute me as an Heretique
But *Momus* teach me a new A. B. C.
If firm, and faithfull love be heresie:
If death must be the doom of love; pray what
Shall be the sentence of novercall hate?
If zealous love merit a mortall curse,
Sure hate, a cold devotion merits worse.

Yet

Yet how unjuſt is this? ſtories relate
Many that dy'd for love, but none for hate.
Is there no Herb that may my greifs remove,
No Antidote 'gainſt this hot poyſon Love?
Pitty yee Gods, pitty my youth, and beauty,
See how each Organ buckles to his duty.
Cannot my prayers; cannot my tears prevail
What, ſhall my ſighs, my ſobs, my groans all fail?
Where is the Siſters thritt that goes about
To cut my Thread ere it be half drawn out?
Let me but ſee the twylight of my age,
And then perſue the utmoſt of your rage:
Why was *Lucina* preſent at my birth,
Whilſt the propitious Gods promiſ'd me mirth?
Why came glad *Hymen* with his Taper light
To mock me with the hopes of nuptial night?
And why was *Venus* then aſcendent; why
Did all the Graces grace me ſince I dye?
But while I thus in vain urge my complaint,
I looſe my breath, Ah me I faint, I faint.

Deficiam parvi temporis adde moram.

To Abſtemia.

I.

I Never was in love,
Nor will be for my part,
I never felt the Archer move;
Alas he has no dart
Or elſe no eyes to hit my heart.

2.

AND yet doth love I vow,
In this my bosome reign;
But I protest 'tis not with you;
Pardon me, Sir, I tell you plain,
Tis with *Diana's* Maiden train.

3.

AND though I lend an eare
When you present your Ditty,
Presume not I affect your geare,
Or you, that would seem witty;
Good faith tis not in love, but pitty.

4.

HENce then poor flatterers,
I am, and will be free:
Like those Celestiall Choristers,
Ile hugg my liberty;
Tis that, and only that please me.

Phyllis *Funerall.*

COme now my Lambs your selves address
Unto your dying Shepheardess.
Your appetites awhile adjourn,
And pay your duty to my Urne.
In life my flock I follow'd thee,
In death I prethee follow me.
Come therefore twenty Lambs in black,
In white twice twenty at their back.

Twelve

Twelve ſable Ewes like Widows poore
Shall as my mourners go before
Six Weathers ſhall my beatours be
Arraid in *Negro's* Liverie,
As dark as night, and ſix againe,
As white as wooll ſupport my train:
With ſilver tipps let every horne.
Our ſad and ſolemne ſtate adorne,
Creſcent as Phœbes, let each front,
VVear a freſh Cypreſs wreath upon't
Let no rude ruſſet here be ſeen,
Nor bloody redd; But flouriſhing green,
Lamb black, and pureſt white, Theſe three,
Summe up my perfect Elegie,
The black (my Lambs) doth ſignifie
My loſſe of life: your loſſe of mee.
The white does unto you relate
My innocence: and Virgin ſtate,
The green does to the world proclaime
My life in my immortall fame.
Now let mee ſhew yee my intent
In my laſt Will and Teſtament.

First I this better part of mine
To the Elizian ſhades reſigne
And whence I had it, I bequeath
To the next aire my borrow'd breath
Fire ſhall again have what it lent,
And water to her Element,
Shall have recourſe. All ſt all returne,
My aſhes alſo to my Urne:
In the next place I here diſpence
Unto my Lambs my innocence.
Moreover I aſſigne to them
The graſs green Meadow laſt nights dream
Preſented mee, My Ramms are they
Shall have my *Cornucopia*.

Item, I leave my Virgin Zone
Unto the Bud as yet unblown.
My Purple Veynes resign to you
Sweet Violets their azure hue.
My blushes to the Rose I give
My white shall in the Lilly live:
My golden Tresses shall repaire
The ruines of lost Maiden hair.
My Globes of light after this life
Shall wait on *Phœbus* and his wife.
My lofty my Majestick front
I leave to *Jdas* sublime Mont.
The Cherry, or the Ruby rather
The tincture from my lips shall gather.
This breast opposing th'other, puts
Me so in mind of *Cupids* Buts.
I cannot but to him demise
The place so fit for exercise.
Lastly (such as they wont receive)
Mine armes I to embraces leave:
And now yee know what my last will is,
Farewell my Flock, say farewell *Phillis*.

Plano singultibus ore.

A young Gentleman to his Lady, who lookt upon him as too immature.

MADAM,

I Love you, should I not do so,
I were an Anchorite and my Breast like Snow:
Yes

Yes I do love, and humbly here commence
Affection uthererd in with Reverence.
Deigne but your-lilly hand, No bold desire
Shall wing up my ambition any higher.
Nay if that be too much, let me delery
My rudeness chastiz'd in your scornfull eye.
I must confess these early years of mine
May look on, but not love Women nor Wine:
Not love sayd I? who can but love a face
So winning unless of *Deucalions* race?
Yet while I love and in my breast enshrine yee
It don't to pitty, but contempt incline yee.
Nature will lend my lip a cloak, And than
I may profess, I want not zeal, though man:
My statures small, And *Cupid* cannot find
Me yet; Shrubs loose th' advantage of the wind:
Yet should I love thus young, I might produce
Such presidents would warrant my excuse;
And yours too, *Sapho* sum'd up all her joy
In the embrace of a Cicilian boy
The Queen of *Greece* lov'd *Theseus* but a Lad,
And *Cytharea* her *Adonis* had.
Nay, Love himself that God, is but a Child,
Shall I then be for want of years exil'd?
Yea I have heard fair Damsels say, In truth
Of all that love, give me the 'mooth-chin'd Youth.
True I am young, and thence I dare approve
My non-acquaintance with the slights of love.
You are that wounded me the first and all:
Blame me not then that come at the first call.

To Amabunda.

But dost beleive in faith that I
Lov'd thee? faith thou beliv'st a lye.

Extinguish therefore thy desire
Ere it becomes unruly fire,
For thy flames work but the same way
With mee as the hot Sun on clay.
No thou must take thy heeles, and flee,
If thou wouldst have mee follow thee.

——— *Fugis insequor.*

To Suavia.

NOt love you, whom the world confess
The miracle of prettinesse?
That were an humour to disguise
My reason, and betray my Eyes:
Noe, noe, without dissimulation
Your beauty is too strong temptation
Had I not found you the rare thee,
Y'had liv'd unlov'd, unmov'd by mee;
I cannot court a common face,
Enrieht with only one poor grace,
A forehead handsome, smooth, and high
A lovely Lip, or Chin, or Eye:
But pardon *Suavia* if I Love
You, In whom all these graces move
Deigne then one gentle smile on mee,
Who will your constant *Umbra* be,
So long as either I have eyes,
Or you have wherewith to surprize.
Choose Madam then which you think best,
Either hard favour; or soft breast.

Aut facien mutes, aut ne sis dura necesse est,

An

An Answer to the Song call'd faire Archybella *to whose eyes.* &c.

My deareſt,

ARchybella's *Eyes*
Though nere ſo faire ſhall not deſpiſe
But owne thy loyall ſacrifice.

2.

Suppoſe her cruell, And a while
Hir frownes like midnight, day exile
Tis noon again, if you but ſmile.

3.

Wee like our lodging and proteſt
So you provide a faithfull breaſt
To vow our ſelf your conſtant gueſt.

4.

Nor need you feare ſince you impart,
Your wounds ſo freſh, but we have art
And Balſam too, to eaſe your ſmart.

5.

Let not a thought that death may give
Moleſt thee, doubt not thou to live,
If ſmiles or teares may but reprive.

6.

Dread not my deare ſo dire a doome
Forbid it heaven the bower ſhould come,
That thou ſhouldſt ſuffer Martyrdome.

The Answer to Well-well tis true, &c.

1.

WEll, well tis true, That I have lov'd a fool
and it is you:
But since I plainly see
Whilst I in pitty lend a smile,
You make me conscious all the while
Of your Idolatry.
I'le henceforth squib your Wildfire flames and scorne
The adoration of an Ass
So foolishly forlorne.

2.

Come, come be wise and dally not with Ladies (charmfull eyes,
The Magazine from whence
Love armes himself, the Stars I say
Are bright and powrfull too, but they
Have no such influence.
We set us down in *Titans* glittering shine,
Reciprocating beame, for beame
Where Stars their heads decline.

3.

Whilst yee like fools to deifie us pump and dreine (your Schools
For an Hyperboly:
Presuming that yee highly please
Our Sex to stile us Goddesses,
Alas we know yee lye
We are but flesh and blood though our bright eyes
Surprising your infatuate sense
Yee deem us Deities,

But

But since that Fate has drawn me to the trouble
I'e not my labour loose (of thy prate
For I'e make use of thine own plot
To let thee know I love thee not.
Well, or ill take it, choose,
And therfore Ile go get me a new bar,
To rid my Chamber of such Apes
Such Toyes as Sutors are.

5.

GO love your wine, and all your Muses, nine and
(nine times nine
So you will not love me
For me I love my Dog, my Cat
Nay I would love I care not what
So it may not be thee
Love you your laughing and your quaffing Crew
I love my Country and my King
But hate such fools as you.

The Virgin Canticle to Gerrard.

1.

AVant yee false Intruders that my Chamber hant
Good faith I can't
No not I will not listen to your love
No more will I though you would give me all your
Unbolt my door (store
You do but rocks and senseless marble
(move
For well, yea too too well I can your perjur'd sto-
There's no faith rests ry tell
In mens false breasts:
Therefore farewell, farewell.
Tis

2.

Tis true, I was ſo fooliſh once as to Love you,
But now I rue
I ever yeilded unto ſuch an ague.
But yet, I'de have you know my friend though I did get
One burning fit
I had another cold enough to plague you.
For I who was all fire, am now congeald into all ice
VVhence you may find,
Though I was kinde.
I can be merry and wiſe.

3.

The willow thou think'ſt torments me but alas poor fellow
Ask but my Pillow
If it can witneſs ere a ſigh I fetcht.
Or that on my bed-ſide as in a dreame I late,
Moaning my fate,
Or out of melancholly my ſelf ſtreacht.
Ile warrant thee my boy thou't find all circumſtances prove
That maidens too
As well as you
Can with diſcretion love

4.

And now I do intend to run through Lovers row
As well as you
And taſt the ſweetneſſe of variety.
For I ſuppoſe there's ſome ſweet ſweet in it or yee
VVould never be
So much addicted to inconſtancie.

Therefore

Therefore Ile ſet and ſee the meſſes uſher in by
And taſt of this (ſcores
And that fine diſh
To the hundred and fiftith courſe.

5.

In vaine thou temptſt mee *Paris* what, wouldſt thou
Forſworn againe be faine
Alas I valew not thy threadbare Oathes.
Goe finde ſome other tame foole for I have no
T' embrace the wind (minde
No, nor thoſe vowes thou putſt of with thy
(cloaths
If yet thoudſt have me, love thee then I prethee
For I proteſt (nere come to mee,
I love thee beſt
When th ou art furtheſt from mee

The Choice.

TIs not thy rubie Lips; nor Roſie Cheeks,
In which my heart a full contentment ſeekes
Tis not the treaſure of thy golden treſſes,
That makes me rich, or challenge my Careſſes
Nor yet thy light-diſperſing eyes though they,
Be the true Phoſphors of the breaking day,
Should I ſerve beauties obvious to the eye
Pigmaleons ſtatue then would ſee the vye.
And I might well (if I ſhould ceaſe to range,)
Advantage my affection at the change.
But I have ſuited at a nobler rate,
Then to court paint; Beauties inanimate,

In

In ſumme there's nothing out-ſides can impart,
Hath power to make a conqueſt on my heart.
But I love you, whoſe beauty ſtill I find
But *index* to the beauty of your mind.
You are the Pearl that higheſt value win,
Being faire without, and cordiall within.

To my Coy and Captious Miſtreſs.

ILe court my ſhade no more, but flee
From it, and make it follow me:
Nor ſhall the lofty Cedar bough
To the baſe Bramble, tis too low.
Ile kneel no more t' ungrateful Thiſtles,
Nor liſten to each Bird that whiſtles:
I have forgot you, and to day
I did make Ortes of better Hay.
I lov'd thee once, but now my ſcorne
Shall triumph over thee forlorne:
Ile wrap my front up in diſdain,
Nor ſhalt thou it uncloud again,
No, though one careleſs ſmile would ſave
Thy caſt-of carkaſs from the grave:
Thy tears, and prayers and looking wan
VVere but to waſh an *Indian*.
Nay, were thou fair as thou art not,
Thou ſhouldſt not move my breaſt one jot:
Nor would I love thee one half hour,
Though both the *Indies* were thy Dower:
Though all the Saints ſhould bleſs thy face,
Thou get'ſt not henceforth one embrace:
I hate thine eyes, and rather would
A *Baſilisk* ſhould me behold.

To Pulcheria.

BUt tell me will not Gold move thee?
Art thou more hard than *Danae*?
VVhat? will theſe peerleſs Pearls, theſe Gems,
Theſe Rubies reacht from Diadems,
Advance me no ſtep to thy love?
Ile try if triviall toyes may move.
'T may be this Lilly or that Roſe
VVin her acceptence more then thoſe.
Yes much at one, alas I ſhould
But tempt an *Indian* with my Gold:
Her locks are the true golden Fleec,
Medea ſhew'd her love in *Greece*;
And what from Rubies hope I? tuſh
Her lips will make the Ruby bluſh:
VVhich if a ſmile ſhould chance to ſever,
You ſtrait ſhall ſee ſuch Pearls as never
Nature yet boaſted, as if ſhe
Had only this one Treaſurie.
And as for Gems, what ſparks can flie
So bright as thoſe ſhot from her eye?
Lillies alas avail not much,
Her body is all over ſuch:
And what's a Roſe? ſince her Cheeks bear
A *June* of Roſes all the year.

LOVE *Blind or not blind.*

I.

WHat makes you think that Love is blind
Since he dwels in the eye:
I rather

I rather the contrary finde
In all my ſcrutinie.
For I in love had never been
Had not mine eyes the obj ct ſeen.

2.

And all the world in this agree
Love is a flaming fire
If then a fire, nay flame it be
What need we more deſire,
To prove that Love may have his ſight,
From that which renders all things light.

3.

Tell mee not that *Obfuſca* was
Born blind, yet lov'd on truſt,
Admit the fable; yet alas
It was not love, but luſt.
For ſhee muſt have it underſtood,
Though nothing elſe, hir feeling's good.

4.

But you will ſay where ſtood his eyes
That choſe ſo courſe a wench.
As Bab ſince men meet ſuch a prize
On every common bench:
This will be his retort againe,
What's one mans meat's an others bane.

5.

Here's one a horſe face courts whoſe weight
Hee knows will come in Gold.

And

And ſo he have the mony ſtraight,
Let her be crooked, old
Splay-foot, blind, beetlebrowd, and lame,
For he ha's that for which he came,

6.

Turne but your eye and you ſhall ſee
Anothers finger itch,
To be embracing ſuch a ſhee
Is neither faire nor rich.
Ask but his reaſon and tis this
My minde to me a Kingdom is.

7.

Thus one loves fat an other leane,
This his meat ſalt, that freſh
This a fat Capon, that a Hen
This man loves fiſh, that fleſh.
Thus all their humours have, and now
Heres the good woman kiſt her Cow.

8.

Who beares the fault now but the boy
The wanton boy forſooth
He with old women uſe to toy,
And teach them tricks of youth,
Thus from our ſelves we ſtill remove
Our dotage to the god of Love.

9.

Whom falſely fools call progeny
Of *Vulcan* god of fire,

If

If it were ſo then he muſt be
Prodromus to his Sire
For out of doubt he LOVE did know,
Ere he came into Cuckholds row.

10.

THen let not hollow'd Love bear blame
For humane fantaſy:
Love is a pure celeſtiall flame
Heaven and Earths Mercury.
Diffus'd on Mortals, let us hence
Accuſe the Organ, not the influence.

11.

CAn any yet be ſo unwiſe
To think Love blind that can
Create an *Argus* hundred eyes,
To guard a Curteſan,
VVhom if you lee you may eſpye.
Enthron'd in every ſparkling eye.

12.

PRay which of you can ſhoot ſo right,
As he whom yee call blind;
He ſticks his Arrows in the white
Sure then he eyes muſt find,
Should you a Dart at any throw,
Twere but the blind man hit the Crow.

13.

Yea are ſurpriz'd with each fair face
VVith every dimpled Chin,
This

This comly feature, that ſweet grace
Are ſnares to trap yee in:
VVhat think yee then, not love, I wiſs
But yee, are *capti oculis.*

A longing Lady to her long-ſtaying Lover.

TVVice twenty times hath *Titan* run his courſe
From th' orientall, to the VVeſtern ſourſe:
Since laſt I ſaw you can one parting kiſs
Suſtain me ſuch an age of night as this:
How I am ſackt in thy unkind delay?
Come my ſweet *Phoſpher*, come and bring the day.
Sorrow and ſolitude in this ſmall ſpace
Have figur'd age on my Hermetick face.
Go happy Paper be my Mercury,
And having kiſt his hand bring it to me.
That I may be thy Rivall; tell him I
Muſt ſee him ſoon, or in deſpair I dye.
And if he come not; I ſhall plainly ſee
He's out of town, or out of love with me.

A forſaken Lady to her Apoſtate.

BUt are thoſe flaſhes fled? thoſe flames quite gon
Into the aſhes of oblivion?
VVhere are thoſe Vows, thoſe Heaven-atteſted
Seal'd on my lips the pledges of our troaths? (oaths,
What all amort, all baniſht in a trice,
All our embraces a fools Paradice?
Then farewell faith, and friend, next time I find
My ſelf affective Ile embrace the wind.

A mock

A mock ſong to
O ſtay by mee——

STay not by me feinds! but fly mee,
For behold I come
All in furie, to conjure yee,
To avoid the roome, (mee
O come not then near mee: your haggy looks skear
But down to your curſed cell,
for in hell;
All ſuch ſooty ſluts dwell.

2.

Out yee Devills, worſt of evills,
What do you make here?
Such dam'd witches, and baſe bitches:
I nere ſaw as yee're, (me
O come not then near me your haggy looks skare
But down to your curſed cell
for in hell
All ſuch ſooty ſluts dwell.

3.

Pluto's puſſes are the ſuſſes
That I here behold
Dreſt in tiffanie like Tyſiphone,
Snaky lockt and old. (mee
O come not then neare mee, your haggy looks skar
But down to your curſed cell
For in hell,
All ſuch ſooty ſluts dwell.

Furies

4.

Furies fellowes what is hell looſe
And yee broke out thus
In your night-gears like the night mares
To meet *Incubus*. (me
O come not then near mee, your haggy looks skear
But down to your curſed cell
for in hell
All ſuch ſooty ſluts dwell.

5.

Out upon yee, Ile none on yee
Down yee dan,'d beneath
Your ill favours and worſe favours
Doe infect my breath, (mee
O come not then near mee, your haggy looks skeare.
But down to your curſed cell
for in hell,
All ſuch ſooty ſluts dwell.

The Furies Anſwer.

BE content Sir, we are ſent Sir
Not to trouble you,
But to ſport with and conſort with
Our own cuttaild crew. (you
Let nothing then skear you, for weel not come near
But down to our own black cell,
for in hell,
VVe confeſſe wee do dwell.

Jam jam tacturas, tartara nigra putes.

A Gentleman to his Miſtreſs that told him he lookt aſquint upon her.

ASquint, why not? am I of Eagles race,
To try mine eyes upon *Apollo's* face:
Admit I were, yet while I look on thee,
Thy brighter beams force an obliquity.
Eagles ſhould do the ſame, durſt they but try
Their Birth right at the radiance of thine eye.
VVhat is this ſquinting but my feeble ſight,
Reverberated by thy powerfull light?
Nay ſhould mine eye right on to thine aſpire,
'Twould burning-Glaſs-like ſet mine heart on fire.
But ſay I could, ſince thou thus ſl ghteſt me,
VVhat reaſon have I to look right on thee?
Come be not you ſo croſs grain'd to deſpiſe
A breaſt that ſhews her croſſes in her eyes;
VVhich ſilently each other thus reprove,
T' have let in cruell and ingratefull love:
So paſſing fair, I ſwear upon a book
You are, my eyes upon each other look
As in a maze to ſee Dame Nature place
All her perfection in your only face.
As Clouds the Creatures of the Sun, ſo I
The nubilous exhalation of your eye
Approach your preſence begging I may be
The *Umbra* unto your ſerenity.
And could I but my ſelf in the office put,
As *Caltha* with your beams ld'e ope, and ſhut.
The Flies are buzzing where light Candles are,
And ſmoak you know alwaies purſues the fair.
Daies d'enterchange Embraces with the night,
And darkneſs kiſs the lovely lips of light.

VVhy

Why then, thou faireſt, art thou ſo unkind,
To ſcoffe the mole thy beauty made thus blind?
But am I blinde doſt ſay; Even thence does flow,
This ſolace, that the God of love is ſo.
And ſquint-eyd, then I may glorie int.
The ſun it ſelfe, lights centre looks aſquint.

To Franke.

What all at once? what nowne ſelfe *Franke*?
Thy bounty over beares its banck.
, Thad bene a favour yet beyond,
My wiſhes, hadſt thou given thy bond,
And ſeal'd it with a faithfull kiſſe,
O here had bene enough of bliſſe.
Or hadſt thou given thy hand in part
As pledg of thy engaged heart;
I had bene more then well content
T'have fed my hopes, on the event.
But I am now as others are,
Suſpitious of thy profter'd ware.
Thou art too ſweet, to tell thee right
Thou overcom'ſt my appetite.
Hony's not for all pallats meet,
And ſugar oft makes things too ſweet.
Truſt mee fond *Franck*, thou art too free
(Free of thy fleſh I mean) for mee.
Thou comſt too faſt, I muſt ſtep back.
And to be ſhort, I feare mee no man,
Dares venter to make thee a woman.
In markers maides are common, I
Can have a ſcore for a bulls eye.

You praiſe your ſelfe, and I could wiſh
But to ſee her cryes ſtinking fiſh;
I know not what to think, thy face
Hath ſuch an oleo of braſſe;
And yet thou ſhouldeſt be right, for none
That I ere knew, leſſe feare the ſtone,
On whom be this inſcription ſet;
Here is both right, and Counterfeit.
But thou ſay'ſt tis no vſuall Courſe,
To looke ith mouth of a guift horſe,
Yet no mans' bounry ſhall perſwade
Mee too accept or keepe a jade,
Ill favourd &, ill quality'd;
Who would on ſuch Conditions ride?
Thou haſt given thy ſelfe to mee, doſt hear
Thou haſt a ſhrewd box on the eare
Would thou hadſt rather given mee that
Was left ith maltheap by the Car.
Thou ſhouldſt have ſaid, will you accept,
Or elſe they ſelfe to thy ſelfe kept.
Theres ſomewhat more then up and ride,
The banes muſt goe before the bride
And after too, vnleſſe ſhee bee
Better then I can hope of thee
Thou fly'ſt away to Church & nether
Bringſt gueſt with thee nor yet a father.
But for the firſt (ſauing your jeaſt)
You will your ſelfe be the bold gueſt.
And for a father, what need hee,
Since you will your owne giver be.
Way this is the new way we take,
Each others word & bargaine make.
Sure here is like to be good doeing
When rampant royles run thuſa wo oi g,
VVhy now or never verifie.

Old mother Shiptons propheſie,
Yet thou mayeſt get a huſband ſtill,
Provided thou doſt but fullfill.
The laſt will of thy grand mother,
No more but ſee; Remember her:

For my part, mee thou couldſt not pleaſe,
Though thou couldſt ſh—mee ninepences.
Nor couldſt thou move in mee delight,
Shouldſt thou afford mee every night
A freſh & ſportfull maidenhead
Their ſignes ſhould not pollute my bed,
And yet I may chance loath my life
Come then and thou ſhalt bee my wife.
However for your offer *Frankey*
I were to blame ſhould I not thank yee,
But let mee periſh in thy Curſe
If ever offer lik't mee worſe.
Thou gav'ſt thy ſelfe to mee; and
Give thee back to thy ſelf God b'ye

Te mihi donaſti, te tibi reddo, vale.

Old

An Epithal.

On. Mr. B. C. *his Nuptialls.*

1.

WElcome moſt lovely paire,
Through threats of drowning
In parents frowning;
Now no doubts nor deſpaire
Shall cloud the clearer aire
Of nuptiall crowning
No counter-plots, no rivalls now ſuſpect,
Your wiſhes are ariv'd at their effect.

4.

No woefull Willow now,
Cupid compoſes,
Chaplets of Roſes:
In which the Bridgroomes brow
And his faire Brides alſo,
Hymen encloſes,
Let Suiters in deſires hot embers burne,
Your joyfull fyres ſhall into Bone-fires turne.

3.

On thy cheeks beauteous Bride,
More all the graces
In pleasant paces
Blest hee whom fates betide
Th' Elysium of thy side.
This, this, thy lass is
Sweet Bride-groom, but had Love had eyes to see her:
No doubt but hee had been thy rivall here.

4.

Sing *Jo*, sing a-maine
Thy tempting treasure,
Out bounds all measure,
Give thy ripe joyes full reine,
And *Jo*. sing againe,
Victorious *Cæsar*
Beware of surfets though, thy lustie cheare.
Ends not to night, the faire lasts all the yeare

4.

But you think long I doubt,
And loves complection,
Prepares erection,
What though yee taste of nought,
All day, but naked thought:
Night's the next section:
Then you shall act, what wee but dream, delight,
Weed wish yee too (if there were need) good night.

9

Com *Bacchus* com let's troule
The merrie diſhes
Brimd with beſt wiſhes.
Mee thinks I ſee the ſoule,
Of mirth in every bowle
Preſaging bliſſes.
Your crop's full ear'd, full ripe, your eye diſcernes
Plentie; what can wee wiſh yoe more but bearnes

To my lillie white Leda
in Commendation of a pale face.

When red enchaſed in the ſkies wee finde.
VVee ſtrait conclude tis either raine, or winde.
VVhen I a Rubrick on thy face eſpie,
Faith I expect to ſee thee ſtorme, or cry.
Let them that dare condemne thy Ivery brow
Tell mee how they could fancy bloud & ſnow.
That monſtrous, yea that menſtruous product, who
Could looke vpon't and not his teares ovr flow?
Pray tell mee where the white, & damaſk roſe'
From the ſam ſtalk both white, & red diſcloſe?
Spaniells and Calves are red and white tis true
If you be red and white, pray what are you?
VVould you commend her for her comly ſnout
Thats particolour like a radiſh root?
You'd think I mock you ſhould I ſay you are
Pure red & white as babies in the faire,

If

If red be such a grace; If red so please
Haue mee commended to red latices.
Yet the red rose is Cordiall. But the white
Is ever most commended for the sight.
From costard-mongers I haue understood
Thus much: The red cheecht apple's seldom good.
Red waxe is very common, But the white
Is virgins wax, And a good price must buy't,
Pray tell mee now, would you be woo'd & prayd,
To limb your felt out on a milke white maid?
Marry com up; so when you are to write,
You may condemne your paper cause tis white:
Here, heres an Elizabeth, will you say what aile
The shillings cause you see the face is pale?
That were a pretty jeast, Alas, alas,
If it were cherry checht it would not passe.
Even Vitriall admitts a various hue
Some is pure white, some greene, some perfect blew,
And some is red too, But tis then confest
The drosse & *Caput mortuum* of the rest
In *Mercurie* as *Chymick* tearmes will ha't,
The white's sublime, The red precipitate.
Some Tulips I remember I have seene,
Halfe red half white, but thy have common been.
Or were they rare should they come near my nose
The posie were lesse welcome, then the pose.
White Robes at Nuptialls, shew a virgine state,
And why not white checks beautyes candidate.
What would'st thou think if thou shouldst red espie
Exchequor'd with the white thats in thine eye?
Thoudst say'tis bloud-shot, How then ist a grace
That blemishes the best part of thy face?

But why doe I thus eagerly allude
To that which all but blind men will conclude?

The fleet Moon, the glittering train of night,
The Lilly, Swan, and *Venus* Doves are white,
But you say Reds a modeſt tincture, tuſh,
Her conſcience can not bid her count'nance bluſh
When ſhee hath done the thing ſhee ought not doe:
Come to hir then ſheel bluſh as red as you.

——————*Rubicunda flat, Alba ſerenat.*

The Poſtſcript,

To the precedent Poem.

BUt ſtay my whiteing, though I took thy part,
'Twas not to ſhew thy beaury, but my art.
My conſcience tells mee Red & white beſt pleaſes,
VVhite not ſet off with Red portends diſeaſes:
But Poets *pro*, and *con*, ſalute and ſlight:
Tell yee the Dove is black, And the Crow white,
I could have writ as much, and given a grace
As ample, to the Calfe with the white face.
Thus have I made thee faire and fowle; ſo truely
Starch be it nere ſo white, comes of but blewly.

P. atque P.

To

To Mr. R. D.

SIR,

YOur safe returne unto mine eares being come
I could no less then bid you welcome home.
At present I have nothing worth your view,
Only my white fac'd *Leda*, but shee's new
And fresh attir'd, If I have dresst her right:
Say but the word, And I have hit the White:

Militat omnis amans, & habet sua Castra Cupido.

LOVE hath his tents & lovers souldiers are
Prest out to serve in an intestine VVarr,
Cupid become a Leader now I finde,
The proverb, verified, The blind leads the blinde.

——*Caco carpitur Igne.*

To my honoured friend.

A Gentleman that in a frollick would needs barb mee.

1.

But BEN
Let me know when
Thou wilt returne age n:
Oh thy departure drew a teare,
Not from the warrie ſurface of the ſpheare
No, no it drew it, whiſt, ſtay there
Leaſt while ſuch newes I ſend,
I much offend,
My friend,

2.

Indeed
Since twas decreed
Thou ſhouldſt depart with ſpeed
I could not chooſe, but heavily look
To looſe at once my barber, and my Cook:
I will be ſworn upon a booke
I oft thee wanted have
My chin to ſhave,
Poore knave.

And

3.

And clip
My upper lippe
And make the haires to skip
For having mended my bad face
Thou good Lawn Bands about my neck didst place.
And cuft my hands, but now alas
I fhall, I am ith mind
No Barber finde
ſo kinde.

To William Kemp.

SAturday laſt faith *Will* you ſent mee Sack
By *Bacchus* ſcarce was worth the ſending back
Be now a truſty ſoule, and, ſend me White.
Or Reniſh, which you will but let't be right
Feel out ſome cell where *Phœbus* cannot come
I know *Will* will ſend good if VVill b'at home

A Gentleman ſurprized with the ſight of a Lady unknowne to him, betroathed to another.

UNhappy happineſſe, peircing pleaſing fate
By too good fortune made infortunate,
My bleſt, and blaſted eyes made mee at once
My ſelfe an Emperour, and a ſlave pronounce.

What

What ſtrange affections on my ſpirit ceaze?
Whereof the cure is worſe then diſeaſe.
What hevenly fire is this, torments & joyes mee
Which if I blow conſumes; if quench deſtroyes mee?
Take here O take this love-ſlaine heart of mine
This victim fallne on your victorious ſhrine,
Only let love ſince to your pile I come
Honour my ſacrifice with martyrdome.
And tis enough, Since I cant overcome yee,
Ile kille the ſtroakes my fates allot mee from yee
Yet on my urne ſhould you one glance contrive
My aſhes with the *Phœnix* might revive,
If not a ſmile, O yet let pitty lend mee
A ſigh, that may to the next world commend mee
Where my then happier eyes may have the grace
Freely to feaſt on your Seraphick face.

To my Cozen Coy.

1.

This not for vertues ſake that you,
Are wont to keepe ſo much adoe,
For wee know by experience,
And you by your owne conſcience.
That wenches will for all their ſturres,
Cling in a corner cloſe as burres.

2.

Thoſe things moſt take men's palates ever,
They purchaſe with moſt hard endeavor.

And

And thats the reaſon that yee maids,
Hold up the rate of maiden-heads.
VVhich if you were not coy and nice
Alack a day! would beare no price.

3.

Pray doe not yee your faces ſkreen,
To be with double luſter ſeen;
VVhat is it but to tempt beholders,
Yee ſhow your naked neck, and, ſhoulders.
VVhy doe you elſe pach white with black?
But that yee more oth ſame ſtuffe lacke?

4.

Cold-rounded fires, themſelves contract,
And are moſt violent in act.
And I conceive fair maids deſires,
Are but ſuch ſnow-environ'd fires.
And when I ſee ſnow on their skin
I judge them then all fyre within.

5.

Tell mee who will do ſo mickle
'As ſhee that hants a conventickle.
Shee is one of *Adams* race,
That obſerves no tyme nor place.
Though in the midſt of lent it chance,
Shee'l take it, if the fleſh advance.

And

6.

And you your ſelf *Abſtemia*
Will ſport and play as well as they,
I know you loyter but to be
Embrac'd by opportunity
And in things forbid delight
To ſhow your ſelfe *Eves* Daughter right.

7.

Tell mee no more of Apes in hell
Though th' excuſe become yee well;
Come prettie ſoule tis to no boot
You cannot live unleſſe you doe't:
For the thing that we talk of pleaſed
Nay more then that prevents diſeaſes.

8.

Were't not more wiſdome to be dumb,
Then word it to be overcome?
Do'nt wee in common queans eſpie
Theſe your weapons, nay piſh, nay fye,
That ere halfe the fight be done
With that they may be over run.

9.

Come come Girle if thou doſt burne
See thou bank'ſt not a good turne,

Theſe

Thoſe bonny laſſes wiſer are
That know when they are offer'd faire
Yet if ſhame bid thee forſake it
Prethee play the maid, ſay nay and take it,

To my pale Pippin

Pallor in ore ſedet———

HEr checks are like her blind cheeks pale
And wan, Her lipps are lick her taile,
Her piteous looks may happily move
Compaſſion in mee; never love.
Shall I bow down; or kneel to that
That ſeems to mee inanimate?
So while I to my ſuite addict her,
I pray with Papiſts to a Picture,
Doe yee not ſee how meager death,
Seems through hir Organs to ſteal breath
And *Succubus* ha's from the duſt
Rear'd her to ſatiate his luſt
Tell mee pale *Phebe* dont you clin be
Old walls to banquet on the lime?
I know you love ſuch feſtivalls
Your white-waſht cheeks reſemble walls.
Say mother pitous, doe you not
For Oatmeal rob the Porrige-pot
Run you not into privat holes
To break your faſt with ſalt and Coales
I might a thouſand knacks repeat,
What could I name but you would eat
In ſhame whereof your blood refraines
Your cheeks, And lurks within your veines,

Pari-

Vntill it bee ſubpæna'd thence,
By your flagitious conſcience.
Nor are you lillie like, but ſallow
And ſapie-coutenanc'd like tallow;
For when your dropping noſe you handle,
You ſeeme to mee to ſnuffe a candle.
And they that keepe you reape diſgrace,
Whilſt men read famine on your face.
Natures, beſiegd, And all your pores
Obſtructed block up her recourſe
Whilſt in diſpaire of life you burne,
For a good huſband, or goode turne.
There muſt bee vent, Tis to noe boot
To talke, you muſt or dye, or doet.
And ſhould, wee but a while delay you,
You'd cry harke harke for life wee pray you.
You can no ſuch improvement feel
In *allume poſſets* or crude ſteele.
You know your ſelfe theres nothing can,
Be ſo aperitive as man.
Who in the ſweeteſt ſence is ſaid,
To cure you of your maiden head.
Which ſhould you but a while retaine,
A peſſarie would come in vaine.
What neede men care then for ſuch wives,
As Marry but to ſave their lives?
He muſt as much (that weddeth thee)
Thy doctor; As thy husband be.
Noe, Ile to *Bacchus* where being come,
The firſt attendant ſhewes a rome.
The next preſents a glanceing laſſe,
Like *Venus* in a venice glaſſe.
With that I knock, & as ſome ſp'rite
I conjur up pure red and white.
My circles a round table. And
In midſt thereof does Hymen ſtand

VVith

With a light tapour. when I call,
To celebrate my nuptiall.
Here doe I a french madam place
And there a ſweet-lipt ſpaniſh laſſe
Here all in white a lady dances,
And there in red an other glances,
And leaſt mine eyes want freſh delight,
Here ſets Claretta red & whit.
Nor doe I complement I trow,
But tell them plaine'tis ſo and ſo,
Thy ſtruggle not nor are they coy
But I may what I will enjoy.
No there's no coyle made for a kiſſe,
Though melting melting, melting bliſſe.
No ſhifting from the freindly cup
But I may freely all take up.
And in each face if I ſo pleaſe,
Ile court myne owne effigies.
VVho would not then on this ſtage act Narciſſus,
VVhere lively lipps ſo ſweetly ſay come kiſſe us?

Mrs. E. G.

To hir falſe and faithleſſe ſervant.

BVt whence falſe wretch are theſe delayes,
Didſt thou not ſweare,
By all that's deare.
Should lyons block up thy aſſayes,
Thy Pinnace ſcorn'd ſuch remoraes.

much

2.

Moſt faithleſſe of thy ſex farewel:
Art not thou hee
That vow'd to mee
No fates decree nor *Circian* ſpell,
Should keep thee from my Cittadell?

3.

Yet flatterer thou art fleg'd, and flown
From the warm neſt
Of my ſoft breaſt,
And like that night thou left's mee gone
Ah! who would ſuch a traytor owne?

4.

They that dare moſt, I ſee dare leaſt
Peter pretends
More then his friends,
But being brought unto the teſt,
Hee turnes more cravant then the reſt.

5.

A feeble hermit raz'd the fort
Of ſecreſie
Twixt thee and mee,
O ſhame, Cowards I ſee reſort
To *Lov's*, though not to *Mars* his Court.

Thinkſt

6.

Thinkſt thou the gods that teſtifie
From Heaven above
Thy vowes of love,
Will quit thee of thy perjury?
That were, to make themſelves like thee.

7.

Well I conclude then nothing elſe
But love is dead
And faith is fled,
Unto the breaſts of infidells
And there, if any where it dwells.

8.

Falſe and faint heart adieu, nere ſue
Nor wooe no more,
As here to fore,
For here is all Ile anſwer you,
Falſe and faint heart adieu adieu.

———*Piget infido conſuluiſſe viro.*

His Answer.

AND why so sharp? in truth (my dear) I must,
Accuse your furie of unkind distrust.
You should observe the end, and only glance,
Not dwell on the emergent circumstance.
Shall I plounge through th' abisse of danger, when
I may avoyd it; And goe right agen.
VVhat you mis-construe as some light abuse,
Reason will read a requisite excuse.
VVhat should wee but invite the publieke scorne,
To boast our harvest ere wee reap our corne.
The wealthy'st wights petend the weakest store,
And what they hugge, conceale, I doe no more.
For knowledge will but make us table-talke,
VVhilst love delights in shadyest pathes to-walk.
Forbeare a while my love and then expect
Your patience crown'd with blest, with wisht effect.
Those that doe otherwise, the world but calls,
Them Posthumous to there owne nuptialls,
Noe, noe, my heart's but one, though for a space,
I seeme to putt on Ianus double face,
In which strange dresse I yet, would hope I show
I love thee more then all the world shall know.

To the faire Mrs E. R.

MADAM.

Y'are lovely faire, and but I know,
You are not proud, I would not tell you ſo.
For my part I commend your ſweet complexion.
Nither for hope of favour, nor affection.
Only ſince I have litle elſe to doe,
I prayſe the moſt prayſe worthy, And tis you:
Here's no hard words but in plaine engliſh thus,
Y'eare handſome, yonge, rich, vertuous.
VVhat can be wiſht for more? where nature places
A heaven of beauty in a heaven of graces.
But if you be as free as you are faire
All's nothing, and you are not what you are.

Da dextram miſerę & tecum me tolle per undas.

Phillis, Charon.

Ph. A Boat, a Boat *Charon*, come ſet me over.
Ch. A VVho calls hells fatall ferriman?
Ph. A Lover.
Ch. And thou ſhalt ſtay the longer for't I vow,
Ph. Youle not be ſo unmercifull I trow.
Ch. Left handed luck light on yee every houre
Ime troubl'd to tranſport ſuch brands as you are.

Ph. Nay

Ph. Ney good ſweet *Charon*, com:
Ch. Yes ſweeton ſtill,
VVhen I have nothing elſe to do, I will.
Ph. VVhat? (ſailes
Ch. Greaſe my Boat, and patch my ſhattered
And ſet me down and reſt mee;
Ph. *Jove* what ayle' (ſtath
This froward patch? come prethee to the
I am a ſtranger, come put off thy wrath.
Ch. Hence Cupids brands,
Ph. Not ſo,
Ch. Ile come no nigher:
Ph. VVhy?
Ca. For youl ſet my pitchy Boat on fire,
I fry already with tranſporting flames
Such as have almoſt drank up al my ſtreams
Ph. Canſt thou feare that and ſee theſe freſh ſupplies.
So ſtreaming from the Conduits of mine Eyes?
Ch. VVell well,
Ph. Nay more if *Charon* ſhall think good
Theſe Armes as Oares ſhall wave the ſtigian flood,
This waſt thy Maſt: And this diſhevell'd haire,
Ile into Cables twiſt;
Ch. VVell you ſpeak faire.
Ph. Come then;
Ch. I am at hand, but ere thy foot Boord mee,
How cam'ſt thou here timely or not?
Ph. VVhat makes that to my ſpeed? Come waſt me over,
And talke of that anon.

Ch.

Ch. Nay ſoft, diſcover
Or thou art at thy furtheſt; Truſt no tri
Nor falſities, But ſweare by ſacred *Stix*,
VVhich even the gods call not to lyes,
VVithout the forfeit of their deityes,
And loſs of *Nectar* for a hundred years.
Speak, *Ph*s VVhat is *Phillis* faultie here appeares.
Ch. Thou canſt not paſs.
Ph. The gods forbid O ſmother
That breath, This death is worſe then th'o-
ther;
I paſt laſt night, That I implunged in
For love, and muſt I dye again for ſin?
Is it decreed?
Ch. It is, and ſigned by fate.
Ph. Ile ſupplicate the Gods then.
Ch. Tis too late.
Ph. Hard hap, but ſawſt thou not my *Demophon*
Ch. I did.
Ph. VVhere;
Ch. Hee is to Elyſium gone.
Ph. And I left here O *Charon* prethee either
VVaſt mee to him, or fetch him hither.
Ch. Neither?
Ph. Shall he live happy?
Ch. Yes.
Ph. Then let me come
For hee knowes I am his Elyſium.
Ch. Thou canſt not wretch:
Ph. Noe? whether ſhall I then
Betake my ſelfe?
Ch. To yond fowle foggy fen,
Ph. And what when there?
Ch. Still tide it to and fro,

In

In deep despaire as those self murtherers doe,
Seest thou these Troops like Autumnes heavy spoile,
VVhat self bemoaning, what unpittied coyle
They keep? But I sterne *Charon* have no eares
To heare their plaints; no eyes to see their teares.

Ph. Have I contemned life, neglected Thrace
And my imperiall sceptet for this place?

Ch. Blame thine own Rashnes to anticipate,
The supreame act of Adamantine fate.

Ph. Has thou no pitty left for Queens.

Ch. No, now
The basest beggar is as great as thou.

Ph. O give me yet a draft of Lethe, that
I may forget the tyranny of fate.

Ca. It cannot be allow'd alas thy woes
Begin but now

Ph. VVhen end they then?

Ch. God knowes.

Ph. Pitty sweet *Charon*, pitty for his sake,
VVhose innocence must of my greifs pertake
For hee and I long since agreed upon
This, Hee should *Phillis* be, I *Demophon*
Our faithfull lipps were pledges of this twine
Hee giving his heart, I returning mine.
Tis I have sin'd, And must hee beare the blow.
Tis not my heart, but his that suffers now,
O either yeild then to my just desire,
Or let mee suffer in my selfe entire,
But if't may be, Celestiall pitty move,
To spare us both, and lay the fault on Love.

Ch. VVel,

Ch. Weell love ſhall blind the Gods & pittie ſhal
For once the faire quene be preſidentiall,
Or if the Gods will not commiſerate,
Ile ſteale thee over ſtix in ſpite of fate

Flectere ſinequeo Acheronta movelo.

Miſerum me fuiſſe fælicem!
To Mr. H. C.

Had *Palynurus*, never ſtear'd ſo farre,
As Indla, where the earthes choyce treaſures are.
His wooden Caſtle, might have ſplit in ſunder,
And nere arrived at a nine dayes wonder:
Had *Belliſarrus*, and I, never ſeene,
The faithleſſe face of change's changefull queene'
And to ſo loftie hopes had no admiſſion,
How bleſt had wee bene in our low condition?
Had *Athenais* not *Eudoxia* bene,
T'had bene no wound to be throwne downe agen;
Had I nere ſene you (faireſt) then my breaſt,
Had ſtill bene calmie in its haven of reſt.
What th'eye nere ſees, the heart nere grieves? had I
Nere drank at all, then had I nere bene dry.
I ſaw you but, and the wing' archers bow,
Drawn by the attractives of your eyes peirc'd through.
My heart, ſo did hee from thoſe eyes procure,
His bolt, his bowſtringe, and his cynoſure.

Unlucky luck, with joy and woe it fills mee,
Tarantula like, it makes mee laugh, and kills mee.
Tis thou hast wounded mee, and *I* must meet
My cure in thee, O my sweet, bitter-sweet.

Sic mihi res eadem vulnus opemque tulit.

A. B. *To an Irish Gentlewoman that slighted him.*

WHat time my bloud shall boyle so in my Ucines
As I shall need a cooler for my reynes,
Ile call on *Jo.* fairer far then you are
Shall ease me of my Cod-peice Calenture;
But if a *Priapisme* put me hard upon't
Ile keep a Cow: And not an Irish Nont.

To my noble Cosen Mr. R. C. *coming in mourning to be merry with his friends.*

AND why in black? what means this nights arra
Since I am frolick as the day?
Why comest thou thus in mourning to thy friend
As if to minde him of his end?

J

In ſuch ſad weeds the unwellcome Raven come
To croak out our determinated doomes:
Shake of theſe myſtie foggs, that wee may know,
How much wee to thy viſit owe.
Come not as thou hid'ſt treaſon in thy ſhrowd,
But lend the ſweltring Sun thy cloud.
So ſhall hee ſet him downe and ſlumber, while
Thou cher'ſt us with thy ſmile;
How ill contrived is that companie
VVhere one does laugh, another cry? (black
This man is cloathed in whit, that blew, thou
Even juſt like *Jeffery. Iames and Iack.*
VVhat will the world conclude when they ſee thee
In this ſleabitten liverie?
Wee laugh, you lowre, wee ſinge, your ſerious ſtate.
Seemes to affect the marbles fate,
This diſcord is unmuſicall come, come,
Vncaſe unmask', aud let each roome.
Thou glideſt through, ſo radiant appeare,
As if the orbe of light moved there:
Breake out bright Soule, & give our wonder birth
At the *Meridian* of thy mirth.
Truſt meet'were good and rare, but I ſee plaine,
Thou bring'ſt old faſhions up againe;
Thy preſence was a banquet and thou diduſt,
Preſent a deaths head in the midſt.
So all thy courteſie ru'ns upon cruches,
Like him, makes a good feaſt, and grutches:
But, prethee, ſhall I this a viſit call?
Suer thou cam'ſt to my funerall;
Or i'st becauſe thy clothes gainſt ſurfets be,
mementoes of mortalitye?
Doſt come to laugh, And ſet good chear to wrack,
And yet bring *Lent* upon thy back?
Nere fear good Coſ- Heres nothing needs,
Such overmonitory weeds;

Wee have not to presnt you, what is rare
Only y'are wellcome to our country; fare;
Good powderd beefe, good mutton and good sherrie,
And so, and so, I pray be merry,
With which accept our hearts; wee could extend
no more, should a'll the Gods descend.
And if this paper find acceptance too,
That's more sir then I promis'd you.
But I had rather be abrupt then tedious,
And therefore thus, and only thus,
You come in mourning, but when you returne,
You may leave of, but we must mourne.

A gratus ades
To my highly honoured cozen Mr B. C.
Comming to Norwich.

And art thou come boone Ben? then Norwich say,
Thankes (noble *Phosphor*) for this wisht for day
Then wellcome, wellcome, be they ever dumb:
That say not now wellcome B. C. wellcome:
Had I bene mute from birth, I now had broke,
All tounge tyes, and with dumb borne Atis spoke;
As *Jove* came downe the trifle to discusse,
T'wixt frogs and mice; so camst thou downe to us;
Both from above: though, here some difference lyes;
Hee came from heave'ns, thou from earth's paradise.
Yee both defend, being both divinely bright,
To dazle our inferiour Orb with light:
The country swaines' cause they alas could spell
No higher title, call thee Collenell;

Some

Some wiſer though then others, reaping corn,
Thinke thou art *Ceres*, and reſound their horne.
Devoutly beg thy largeſſe, and out vye,
The thunder with the ecch'o of their cry.
But when thou cameſt in at *Stephens* gate,
Thou gav'ſt our city cauſe enough of prate;
O how the people hurry, hurry ran,
To gaze upon thee as if more then man!
What heards of Aproners at every looke?
Read on thy robes *Norfolks* illuſtrous Duke?
Weavers, like ſhutles, here, and there peep out,
And make no workon't for the revell rout.
Who finding how in vaine they ſtrive for roome,
Each in a fuſtian ſurrey to his loome.
Recutnes, And armed with his well try'd beame,
Levels his paſſage through th' oposing ſtream;
You'd laugh to ſee, how Taylours skipt about,
As mad as dogs to ſee themſelues cut out.
VViſhing theire needles had no eyes for they,
(Poore theeves) might ſee their bellyfull to day.
The that her from the top oth' houſe, ſeing all,
Capers as if hee car'd not for a fall;
But tis too tedious to recite the reſt,
They that were part oth Crowd can tell you beſt.
O how they ſhrunk into each others arme!
T'was a great mercy, that there was no harme:
Their bodyes twin'd, and tounges lay never ſtill,
As if the rout had bene a twiſtring mill.
In deede the *Mayor*, and all the skarlet Donnes,
The bells too, and the thunder thumping Gunnes.
Had bene your entertainment; but of late,
Tis ſuperſtition. and growne out of date;
Nor had I thought t'haue writte, but your advance.
Conſtraindmee, *Orpheus*, playes, & trees muſt dance.
I am created poſt by my Theame,
Like Memnon's ſtatute by *Apollos*, beame.

To

To the worſhipfull A. D. *his Majeſties Phyſitian Croſſing the Seas.*

ACcept his ſad farewell, Sir, who here ſings,
As dying Swans do at *Meanders* ſprings;
Farewell, Stop there; O how the ſurges riſe,
Into a brynie ſpring-tide from mine eyes?
As if yet hope were left that theſe ſalt flowes
Might lend you Sea room, or elſe drown my woes:
And leaſt you want wherewith to fill your ſaile,
My ſighes ſwell up themſelves into a gale;
If ſtill be-calm'd, may you at leaſt yet finde,
The proverb true in this, my Words, are Winde.
Meane time I ſhall, to *Æolus* repaire,
That he would breath you winde enough and faire;
And then, to him commands the wavye Court,
To chyde the Dolphins from their ominous ſport;
Next ile entreat the azure-mantled skies,
To let their ſmiles, be your faire augurics;
And may your thankfull patients, beg of heaven
Health for you, Sir, who health to them have given
If among us to rearrive you pleaſe,
VVeel ſay, *Phœbus* comes from th' *Antipodes*.
If your return though, be deny'd by fate;
Live *Neſtors* years in *Avicenna's* ſtate.
And *Æſculapius*-like confirme the Earth
With faith, that you are of immortall birth;
This boon I beg, Sir, and this only one,
Now, and then, think on your poor *Stevenſon*.

To the City of
CRACOVIA.

NOt out of Love, but fear of following evills,
The Moores *of* India *sacrifice to devills;*
So we to Norwich *did invite* Sir Thomas,
Only for this, to get him further from us.

To Mr. R. C. *upon*
The Mourning Ring *he sent mee.*

WHat, shall I laugh, or weep? this present, doth
Present mee a necessity of both:
How can I choose but smile, when I behold
My lucky starrs laden with orient Gold?
But when I see it through black Curtains peeping,
Ah mee! I think, &c. fall a weeping,
My passions fight and flow, and it appearrs,
Excess of joy, as well as grief, finds teares;
VVhilst I thus rapt *Narcissus*-like espie
Sun shine, and showers, play *Aprill* in mine eye;
See how the Gold bepeeps in sable shrouds,
Like *Phœbus* posting through the raine-swolne clouds;

And well the ſimile holds, the black preſent
His ſetting, and the Gold his orience.
Here night and day *Luna* and *Sol* appeare,
As if true Æquinox were only here.
Nor ſhould I much miſtake the Æquipage,
To call the golden, in the iron age:
I may go boaſt, I on my finger weare
The pythieſt Hyeroglyphick of the yeare:
For I can ſummer in thy poſie read,
And winter to the life in thy deaths head:
Pretty, and precious guiſt, it ſhowes to mee
Both puritie, and perpetuity;
For whilſt the Gold thy pure love does command,
The Ring inſtructs my thanks to know no end.

To——upon his giving mee a Library.

HOw ſay you now? think you, I do not pleaſe
My friend well, to obtaine ſuch guiſts as theſe?
VVhat a whole Library at once? who lookes
Upon it, muſt conclude mee in his bookes.

To a Gentlewoman, that refuſed. A very rich Suitor, becauſe he was not very hand-ſome.

FAire Coſen, let me in this caſe adviſe,
To quitt your fancy: and give reaſon eyes:

They

They that chooſe apples by their looks, are oft
Foild in their hopes, and for their folly ſcoft.
Tis not the outſide makes the man, Alas
A man's a man, had hee no Noſe on's face.
Your *Lapidaries* not unoften note,
The rareſt Jewell in a ragged Coat:
This Genleman whoſe double duty ſerves you,
For ought I know, is one that well deſerves you.
Forſake your eyes here, and truſt to your care,
Hees ſober, ſteady, ſtaid, and fit to ſteare
In this tempeſtuous age: hard hap betides
Such veſſells as have green heads for their guides:
But you ſhall ride amidſt proud waves ſecure,
Hee being Pilot, And you Cynoſure.
I could both name the parrits, and the places,
Had bargaines toule enough of the faire faces,
Nor yet is liking allwayes beauties child,
Some have more wit then ſo to be beguild:
Beauties a bloſſom, and ſo quickly fled,
Tis ſcarce poſſeſt, ere it be vaniſhed:
Strike while the Irons hot Coſ. leaſt you find
The Proverb true, occaſions bald behind.
To me the man ſeems paſſing lovely, Tuſh,
His beauty's inward, Good wine needs no buſh
Hee's rich enough to make the world his debtor
Love, and lay hold the next bidome comes a better.
I had not writ thus much, but that I know
Your parents own it, and adviſe you ſo.
VVhoſe directory pleaſure but fullfill,
And you do well, though you do nere ſo ill:
Read, and reviſe theſe lines, ſweet Coſ. leaſt you
VVhilſt you your ſelf make faſt, your ſelfe undoe.

To

To a faire Lady.

MADAM;

HArd is the task to write to ſuch as you,
For if I give you but whats halfe your due,
Such as are unacquainted with your worth;
Are apt to ſay, I highly ſet you forth;
Whilſt theſe that know you, muſt conclude, with mee,
Your praiſe above the ſtraine of flattery.
They that nere ſaw the glory of the Sun,
Would think the Moon lights only parragon;
So ſuch, to whom ſcarce a good face is knowne,
Meaſure your beamſull beauty by their owne;
Whilſt, ſaw they but your face, As in amaze
They'd worſhip, what they wonder I ſo praiſe:
Could you (faire ſoule) but parcell out your graces,
There were enough t'enrich a thouſand faces
And leave your ſelfe ſuch ſtore, as (though your light,
Have made them ſtarres) you'd ſtill be Queen of night,
But hold my Muſe, my paper is halfe done
And I have ſcarce her ſtory yet begun.
But that would ask (to tell you what I think)
A world of paper, and a Sea of Inke.
Of Inke ſaid I? Inke alas! would make that,
A ſpotted fame, that is immaculate,
No, I will rather never write at all,
Then mention her, who is all-ſweet, in gall:

Hee

Hee that the Bow-bell of her praiſe would ring,
Muſt pluck a pineon from a *Seraphins* wing.
And write in *Nectar* till her fame appeares
An anthem to the muſick of the ſpheares
But to leave what only my wiſh effects,
My fancy to whats feaſible directs;
Ile rob the *Swan* of her white quill and then
With the ſame pen-knife that *I* make my pen,
Ile lance my purple veynes, and therewith write
Her ſtory, like her ſelf in red, and white.
And when my blood ha's all forſook my veines,
Let mee but be her Martyr for my paines.

To my Miſtreſſe.

SO love me ever all yee powers divine;
As I love her, whom hope perſwades is mine:
Rich then and happie were I, thus to winne
A beauty, Heaven without, and Heaven within.
Had *I* the world (as *Alexanders* heire)
Left mee, a patrimony high, and faire
Enough yee'd think, yet *I* for all this ſtore,
Except ſhee whom *I* love, love mee; am poore.

The middle Sister.

FAIREST,

DAme nature seems to make your Sisters stand
As handmaids, that attend on either hand;
To right, or left I turne nor, Poets say
The middle is the best, and safest way.
I view the Temples, and I find them three,
But still the middle Temple goes for mee:
Your Sisters are like banks on either side,
Whilst you, the Chrystall streame, betwixt them glyde;
Tis light at morne, and when the day declines,
But yet, the brightest Sun at midday shines:
Methinks your Sisters stand on either side,
Like Bride-maids, you in midle like a Bryde,
Doubtlesse in you the middle grace I see
On this side Faith, on that side Charity;
My fancy seems to dictate to my sence
A Cawsway, twixt two Ditches or its fence.
The smooth and silent floods, in midle flow,
But the shores murmur; cause thwaters low.
And now I tell you, but what the world knows
Full well, betwixt two Nettles sits a Rose.

The joviall Journey.

UP *Phœbus* up, and guild the horizon,
For love, and beauty, are a progresse gone.
Stand not to gaze, least thy too curious eye,
A fairer Daphne, in this Coach espie;
And thou great Prince of winds vouchsafe to us
The gentle gusts of sweet breath'd *Zephirus*:
Come yee auspicious Choristers of the aire,
Let these faire Ladies see yee promise faire.
Cherp up (sweet Syren of the woods) nere feare
Here is no *Tereus*, come be merry here.
And if the dust, it self too proudly reares,
Some gentle Cloud rebuke it with its teares:
Let the Earths green Plush, and flosculer starres out vye
The brighter Orbs, of the fresh warning skie;
Let every brook present some pretty toy,
And every hedge be lin'd with travellers joy,
Grant fates, no inauspicious hare may chance
To crosse, yee, through unlucky ignorance;
But as the morning, so the evening may
Answer the beauty of a glorious day.
Then Sun, Wind, Birds, Raine, Earth and flowers conspire
A harmony, next the Celestiall Quire.
And when friends meet, be your embraces such
As lovers, that each minuts absence grutch.
Whilst all that see, admire your greeting blisse,
As if the body met the soule in blisse.

To

To my Rivall.

Presenting my Mrs. Gold upon Her Journey.

How now (my heart of gold) what mean these (fleeces?
Hast broke thy heart and & given it her in peeces?
Or didst thou throw thy gold into her lap,
A ransom for thy ignorant escape?
Wouldst else be in the list of fame enrolld,
To court thy love like Jove in shours of gold.
State-policie in faith, they wine the Towers,
That shoot gold bullets at the Governours.
Thou hast good reason too, to use this sort,
Of golden battery, to so strong a fort.
Beielve mee, this was a well cover'd bayt,
You hope, shee will in loves exchang repay't.
I hope so to, faith it was sauey sport,
Should you not get her portion morgag'd fort.
T'may be you were in feare to loose it, and
Made an assurance office of her hand.
Or did the charmefull sparkles of her eye,
Dant your faint hart int' a delivery?
Goe charge the country then, for it was done
Iam your witnese beetween sun, & sun:
You that your gold thus to a virgin yeild,
Doubtlesse a bush had robd you in the field;
How if some theif should steale away her heart,
And of her portion take thy gold in part?
This were a double miserie, for then you
Loose both your gold, and your adventure too.
Tmay be you think you have good anchor-holde,
And in her pockets bottom thrust your gold.

Maidens

Maidens are mutable, be wise, beware,
The wind, & waves, not more unconstant are.
But you haue balanc'd hir with gold, least shee
Should suffer shipwrack in her levitie:
Faith you abuse your selfe and her much more
To give her monie; Give it to a whore;
For I must answer for her, shee don't carrye,
The needy garb, of one that's mercenarye:
I wonder shee would take, But 'tis an old
Proverb; that none but madfolke refuse gold.
But all the world (should you be now deserted)
Would say, A foole and's money is soone parted

Vpon a Porter Catching a Gentlewoman as shee past by him.

Last night a Porter, standing by the pye,
At Algate, saw a handsome lasse com by,
To whome hee flew with all his speede to court her,
I wonder, for shee did not call a porter.
Still hee did hugg and in his armes enfold her,
As if he meant to heave her on his shoulder:
Hee wound her so, a stander by strait swore,
Some gentleman had sent him for a whore.
Shee cald him rogue, and sure shee cald him right
Yet hee, shee should not goe, sware by his light
Porter said I take heede, though shee be not,
Too heavy, sirrah, shee may be too hot.
Besides shee's of your trade, And free, shee beares
As many burthens as you for your cares:
Though with this difference, shee beares her pack,
Vpon her belly; you upon your backe.
Yee both weare baggs, distinguist the same way,
With Fryers shee of black, and you of grey;

You

You have a pad, and ſhee, for ought I ſaw,
Was like enough to have a pad ith ſtraw:
You have a Cord you do about you caſt
Shee had a cordie robe about her waſt:
Both have your aprons. Say you have a frock,
So ſhee haes that will rime to it a ſmock.
Shees call'd upon, and calls upon her too
Sometimes a Porter ſuch a knave as you.
But I perceive you well whereto ſhe ply'de
And had the fit come on you now to ride:
If not, you are a laſie looby right,
To ſtruggle with a burthen was ſo light.

At a Tapſters wedding.

FAith I will tell you now a prettie trick,
This Tapſter, gat the wench juſt in the nick,
Shee was; ſtay there! But why ſhould I be loath
To tell the truth? ſhee was, as light as froath:
Hence I perceive, the Proverbs ſomet mes croſt,
For ſhee that's light, does not lye uppermoſt.
Shee had been broacht a hundred times before,
No matter, he had tapt as many more:
Shee's modeſt though, as I'me an honeſt man
Shee bluſhes, juſt like any Cedar can.
And cauſe ſheel be a ſmirking rogue, ſhee ſweare
ſheel ſnatch the ſmiles from all the laughing here,
But heres enough of her, lets kiſſe the Cup
And if her Husband wont: weel ſtop her up.
As for his part, hee was ſo crank, his geare
Out of his Codpeice, flew like bottle here.

But

But she hoping the worst did clap her thigh
Close to the —— that nere a drop went by.
She was a thrifty wench he got from Wopping,
That thought it sin to loose the least tap-droping.
I heard her say my selfe though he should fill her
Up to the brim, he should not want a Killer:
She told him of his wenching too, and swore
Unless he left it, she would quit his score;
Nor should he ramble up and down the Town
Nor draw through any Fasset but her own
Faith if you do, (and out an Oath she lashes)
Ile find you out among your balderdashes)
And if your tralops must not be forborne,
Ile break your pots: And make you drink in horne.
But t'end the jeast adding one more t'out passe it
See here the Spiggit's marrig'd to the Fasset.

Summer.

SNakes cast their skins, and they are young ag'n
Summers the substance, winter the cast skin:
Summer is Youth in sprightly Æquipage,
Winter's decrepit crasie, uselesse Age.
Sol's aureat beames so guild the worlds vast stage,
Twere small mistake, to calt the golden age;
Summers all praise, what need it then a Poet (it
to speak it faire? since who know nought else, know
I might imbellish summers sweet complexion,
Call Winter death; Summer the resurrection.
And when my tale with all my art is told,
What will the world conclude my news, but old?

Nor

Nor is it more then children uſe to ſay,
A ſummers' evening, is a winters day.
But Ile abruptly off, and what I have,
Begun abſurdly, as abſurdly leave;
Leaſt I goe ſcale the ſpheares, and blinde with light
Set in a cloud & ſimply ſay, Good night:

In prayſe of winter.

HOnour and Age inhabit the ſame ſpheare;
Winter is the antiquity of the yeare:
Grave ſignior Hyems, ſo his hoary pate,
And ſnowy beard, denounce his aged ſtate.
See but how like a ſtatlye traveller,
Northward hee comes; Autumne's his harbinger,
That bids the trees unmaſk, unceyle their creaſts,
That he may read ſubmiſſion on their breaſts:
Whilſt their green offſpring lowly fall, to greet
The potent preſence of his ſtable feet.
The gawdy bankes pack up alas! here comes
No midwife *Aprill*, to unteeme their wombs.
Nay here the ſhowr'd downe waters, ſtand amaz'd,
Rivers are Chryſtallin'd, *Neptune's* hall is glaz'd,
Spours have their pendents, paultry thatch receives
Tranſlucent Chryſtall, And adornes his Eaves.
Leda's a fable, but I here preſume
To juſtifie, that *Jove* deſcends in plume.
And that the ſtupid Earth may know he comes,
The Heavens ſend down whole ſhowers of Sugar plums.
Whilſt ſtreets are pav'd with Pearl: Let ſummer boaſt
Such pomp, ſuch cates, and all my praiſe is loſt.

But

But here's not all of winter; you shall see
His providence for mortall wights, whilst hee
Locks up the graine in bosome of the Earth,
Till Ceres blesse it with a thriving birth.
How would the blade endure th' Æolian tugge,
But winter guards it with his snow-white rugge?
We may conclude his power, in that he can
Enjoyne the Alps a pennance as a man.
The saucie Dust checkt into mud, and mire,
Merits no mention, our reports are higher:
Summer breeds surfets, and infects the bloud,
Winter is haile againe, and makes all good:
Is beauty of esteem? then winter can
Boast, hee abstergeth Summers freckled tan:
Ladies so spruce to captivate mens sight,
Borrow March winds to make that spruseneſſe white.
Winter makes men couragious, who dare
Dance upon *Thetis* lap at midsummer.
In Summers dayes even length, and lazineſſe meet
Winters are short, The Proverbs, short and sweet.
Theres none so bad to be call'd dog-dayes here,
No no we move not in so base a spheare:
No scorching Sun offends, any man may
With a good faggot make a Summers day.
What entertainment to a winters toast?
VVhat Christmasse, pray, can *June* or *July* boast?
Summer alas hath no Æolian breath,
To rescue his perishing souls from death,
Flame-colourd hearth, even ready to expire,
Looks pale as ashes, Sol puts out the fire,
Trees strait are lopt then and their verdant locks
Borrow'd, to border out the Chymnie stocks;
Set out with trunks of trees, stumps, armes and all,
As if the Chymnie were some Hospitall:
In winter time the hearth stands alter wise,
And men with hands erected sacrifice.

VVhilst

Whilſt in a round the Prieſts of *Bacchus* ſing
Ingenious Anthems, to their grape-crownd King:
In winter men at cold meat make a piſh,
In Summer they are glad of ſuch a diſh;
Winter hath boyld, and bak't, and roaſt, Ala!
Summer turnes men, as men do beaſts, to graſſe.
VVinter makes warres of teaſe, who would not that
If peace and plenty have no praiſe, then what?
I might enlarge my ſelf, but thus farre may,
Suffice to travell on a winters day.
VVho likes not this, a gods name let him run
Out of Gods bleſſings, into the warm ſun.

Upon Yorkſhire *Ale.*

1.

POx take your *Yorkſhire* Ale,
It did ſo ſirk my taile
That that I had like beſhit mee;
Beſides, ſo damnd a tumour
Poſſeſt its divelliſh humour,
As it had almoſt ſplit mee.

2.

Now hang thee tike of *York*,
Thou giv'ſt us neither Cork,
Nor yet convenient wedges;
And know'ſt thy wylie wort,
Is wont to make us ſquort
Over a thouſand hedges.

That

3.

That men ſhould ſit and fuddle
In ſuch a ſink of puddle
And to, and fro ſo put her;
Juſt ſuch Ambroſia ſucks
A Company of Ducks
Out of a filthy gutter.

4.

For my part Ile get bay't
And in my belly lay't
Having drunk this dirty floud:
VVhat ere my palat feeles,
There cannot but be Eels
VVhere there is ſo much Mudde.

5.

No marl' ſuch nappie ſtuffe
As falling Band, and Ruffe
Throughout the Citty, haunts it.
VVhen I drink any more,
Then call mee ſuch a whore,
As ile call her that launts it.

6.

Doubtleſſe the men are mad
VVhere water may be had
That ſoop ſuch naſty gore.
Some call't a remedy
Againſt the ſtone, but I
Have laid a ſtone at dore.

To humour palats, But for mine alone
Give mee your dealing and your drink right down.
Have at thee then (my boy) for a blyth pull,
VVeel wrap our noſes up in thy Lambs wool:
And when our Cups advance a loftie hemme,
VVee'l hum thee up *John* of *Hieruſalem*.

The Poſtſcript.
To the precedent Poem.

BUt what? your angry, twas not my intent
To ſlay the Lamb: or hurt the innocent.
VVhiſt! whiſt for ſhame! leaſt people as they paſſe
Say, Look yee there dwells *Ba—lam* and his Aſs.
Come *Jack* be wiſe and thy ſelf ſober keep
And thou ſhalt be mine Hoſt, when they are Sheep
Tel them the reckning twice twelve pence a peece's
I'le warrant thee that thou ſhalt get their fleeces;
And let them then come, and laugh thee to ſcorne
VVhen thou haſt turn'd them out, like ſheep new ſhorne.

In Commendation of Yorkſhire Ale.

WOman be nimble, and let's ſee thy craft,
My early ſtomack craves a morningsdraft;
Bring me that Indian pot whence I may ſipp
The Nectar of black *Cleopatras* lip:

The

To my right well reckond hoſt at the Lamb.

MIne hoſt, or ſhepheard which is fitter title
Since you keep sheep, though in the barly pytle;
They ſay, ther's many a well provided ram me
Comes to turne of his horne with your ſweet Lamb
The fallow Ewes when the Tups are fled,
Set toot, and ſweare theyle drink all weathers dead.
This though, is much complain'd of, that you keep
An old brown Curre to worry all your ſheep.
Nay more, as ſome report that have been there,
There is a kinde of magick in your beer:
And *Hocus pocus* drawes it too, or elſe
It turnes your ſheep to foxes firſt, And then
A game at Noddy, Theres your ſheep agen:
Sure *Circe* taught thy Cup this cunning charm
To metamorphoſe with ſo little harm.

But ſtay! you keep a Scriv'ners ſhop mee think
VVhere pipes for pens, and beſt bere, ſerves for Jnk;
Y-have clarks too, and induſtrious ladds, for ſome
Run, making of Indentures all th' way home.
Elſe bedding with the Lamb, they rub their eyes
And ſhake their Eares, and with the larke they riſe.
Jle come and ſee thee faith mine hoſt, perhaps
Bring thee as many gueſts, as thou haſt taps.
Then wormwood Succory, Scurvy-graſs, & Sage
With Lemon, ſhall advance in Æquipage

To

The marrow of Malt: where the nut brown toaſt
Smiles in the flowrie Ale, whoſe mirthfull hoaſt
Makes mee turne Marriner, and hither ſaile
To court the confines of this famous Ale.
This noble Ale, this moſt ſubſtantiall liquor,
That chears the *Stade*, and makes the Genious quicker,
Ideots a ſhip board ſick, accuſe the Seas,
Whilſt their own fowle ſtomacks are the diſeaſe
So fooles pick quarrell with pure cleanſing Ale
Becauſe it doth Sir reverence wring their taile:
Mee thinks this Ale, and the old wife agree,
So well, as *Hero* and her Nurſe I ſee.
Would but good fellows meet, our daylie club
Should act the Siſters at the *Danaan* tub:
But ſtay, I feare, while *I* thus idolize
The ſhrine of Ale, I but enhance the price,
Be therefore this ſufficient to be ſaid,
Alive tis Ale, And *Aqua vitæ*, dead.

Upon a hungry gutted Porter.

NO marvell Chapman falls ſo to the ſcrap,
The firſt, and beſt part of his name is chap:
Which if a man but ſpell, he eaſily can
Perceive, more letters go to Chap, then man.
Yet this is all but mirth, although perhaps
He may conceit I take him on the Chaps.
Well it *I* do, my frolick is to ſwap
My nimble braine, againſt his nimble chap.
Yet this by way of leave ile adde, a more
In ſitting poſter never kept a dore.

How

How ſhould he ope it? for hee never heares
If it be true, The belly hath no eares.

E. B. *To his noble friend, that gave him a new paire of Boots, and Gloves.*

——————————*Odsfoot.*

I Never drew on a compleater Boot;
The bluſhing top makes me top gallant, and
Me thinks *I* do on beds of Roſes ſtand:
Nay even the very leggs do ſeem to owe
Their orient tincture to the Sonnes of Bow:
Nor can *I* think but *Jove-Lov'd-Jo's* hide
Was purchaſt, to compleat this Ocrean pride:
Who having been the thunderers Curteſan,
Bluſhes to crib it with the Calves of man:
The wax was borrowd from the Lillyes bed,
And the three Siſters ſpan, and cut the thred.
The Boot in the exacteſt mode doth ſet,
All (in a word) from top to toe is neat.
As for the Shoemaker *I* can only tell,
For one hee never ſaw, hee fits me well.
Your Gloves too make me ſpruſe, as *John a Gant*
Proteſt (ſweet Sir) you are right Cordevant,
For you have given mee Boots, and Gloves to boot
What ſhall *I* ſay? y'have bound mee, hand and foot.

A. B. *to his ſhoemaker.*

Sirra looke to't I ſhall reduce your pride;
Rip up your roguarie and tew your hide.
My weather long ſhall apt a time for th'nonce
To ſtreatch the latchets of your logger ſconce.
You were too high ith'inſtep, I'm afraid,
Your loftineſſe will ſoone be underlaid;
Criſpine coucht in a ſhoemakers diſguiſe,
Cauſe none ſo baſe to cheat inquiring eyes.
Yet to fit mee ſhould *Criſpin* come to doc't,
Criſpine, by Jove hee came but to my foot.
And doſt thou wretch to reach this head of mine,
Muſter thy bruſſels as the Porcupine
Her quills 'preſumptious traſh, I could afford,
To ſend the challenge to the cutting board;
New vampe your manners', & more modiſh bee,
Leaſt *Peter* ſtreatch you on a croſſe graind tree:
Where being once ſet up, tis'ten to one,
You'l find it harder to come off, then one:
Villian avant, henceforth nere locke to have
The lengh of my foot, ſince y'have plaid the knave.
Noe noe, I view your bill and there I ſee,
The very place where my ſhoe pinches mee;
But make your market pray of what is paſt,
Fellow beleve't of me y've had y'our laſt:
And that the world may ſee in every line,
I fit thy foot, as thou haſt fitted mine.
Thus I in fine tranſlate thee, goe, extend
Thy baſe ſpun thread, to make a Coblers end.

Vpon

Vpon his giveing a payre of ſhoes to get the former paper anſwered.

Silly, and ſenceleſſe, knockt there heads together,
To forge a fooliſh anſwer, knowing neither.
To whome, nor how, only they would b'lurt forth,
Some thing, that men might ſee their want of worth.
I'le bray you in my morter fooles, and then,
Make yee a paſtime for the worſt of men.
Incorparate yee veſſells, baſe abſurd,
With *Album Græcum*, and the Divells turd.
Compound yee up into a pocky pill,
VVith C. & G. & D. & Sarſeperill,
And Saſſafras, whilſt all that ſee yee, ſhall
Say yee are rogues Alexipharmacall.
I hope it ſhall ſuffice, when I have brought,
Your bodyes into atomes, worſe then nought;
Some fiſhwives kiſt your fancies, taught ye prate
The rabulous dialect of Billings gate.
And yet I lik't your taile timber for it,
Came Juſt in time as I had liſt to ſh—
Sans Ceremonie then end theſe Jarres,
You and your Poet after kiſſe mine A—
But didſt thou think up to revenge to climbe?
By a poore mercenary, hacking ryme, (ſtretch,
Or that thou couldſt thy letherne purſe-ſtrings
Vnto the latitude my braines would reach?
Away, poore foole! when my keene ſatyrs come,
Off with your hat, and ſcrape your anſwer, mumme.
Shouldſt thou buy lines, to anſwer mee thou fopp
I'de write, till't coſt thee all the ſhooes ith ſhop.

Alice Goffe.

A poore woman taken ſtealing ſoape.

Why how now woman? what's the newes belike
You ſerve'd the grocer but a ſlippery trick.
T'was very cheap, nay marry you muſt thrive,
If wee pay ten, & you get under five.
But ſtay they ſay the grocer turn'd his eyes,
And you ſtole, both the cuſtome, and exciſe:
And well enough you did, but a rope
The miſcheife lyes, you ſhould have left the ſoap.
You made waſh way with't, being but a reach,
But have a care, ith end 'tmay coſt a ſtreatch.
You know the proverb, ti's as true as old,
If the one chance to ſlip, t'hother, will hold.
Alas you never could have ſtoll'ne a badder,
Commoditie, Sope brings you to the ladder.
You think to have't with a wet finger, but
A cleanly theife had better be a ſlut.
Come, Come, ſtay the hoggs leiſure pray, I hope
As good as you doth waſh with Lincolneſhrie ſope.
If you ſteale ſope to make your clothes ſo fine,
Youle bring your ſelfe, as well as them, to th'line.
Yet I confeſſe, twas pittie goody Goffe,
Stealing good ſoap, you came no cleanlyer of.

To my Noble Friend.

THis after-noon your rideing Boots and bands,
Your good grey cloak, and Gloves came to my hands;
The Gloves were trim, the Cloak moſt purely feeles,
The bands, and Boots have tyde me neck & heel.

To the ſame Gentleman deſiring my verſes upon any price and on his ſending mee a new Suit.

PRice? out upon't! what price? pray doe you think?
A peice of paper, and a little ink?
If you like our poetick merchandiſe,
Traffick, and your acceptance is the price.
For mee I think it even in juſtice meet,
So long as you finde Boots, that we finde feet:
Sir in a word, your love returnes with ours,
Our ſuit accepted was, and ſo is yours.

To a Schoole maſter.
In excuſe of his Scholler G. Green.

THis duskie morne the youth was overſeen,
Pardon good Sir, in truth the boy is Green.

To my valued friend: A New-years gift.

HAd *I* but *Mydas* Chymick tuch,
My new years gift ſhould now be ſuch
Europ ſhould it admire: But I
Talk of Larks in a falling skie;
In ſtead therefore of hopeleſſe pelfe,
Deyne but acceptance, and my ſelfe
Am your oblation, but alas!
How ſhall this guift for current paſs?
Since what I here preſent unto you,
Being given you long a goe *I* owe you;
Since then our gifts prove empty diſhes,
Weel furniſh them with wholſom wiſhes:
Our firſt be this, where ere you come;
May you but view, and overcome;
Weed wiſh you yonger brothers wit,
But that wee ſee y'abound with it.
May ſhee that moves your amorous thirſt
Be wounded, and your priſ'ner firſt;
And let her unconcealed fires
Foment your temperate deſires,
May favoring heaven, lend her no reſt
Onany Pillow but your breaſt;
And when glad *Hymens* holy twine,
Hath clapt her Lilly hand in thine,
Then let thine armes at once enfold
Faire *Hellens* face, and *Danaes* Gold:
May all her care, and ſtudy be,
To love, and be belov'd of thee;

And

And to eternize mutuall favour,
Havens make her ſuch as thou wouldſt have her
I envie, any foes ſhall make yee,
But this their curſe, A Good yeare take yee.

A L E.

IS this that Ale to which the Dyers flew
So faſt, to wadd their Copper noſes blew,
Bidding old ſtingo Cut-throat here, adiew?

Then give us Ale.

Is this that jolly juyce, thoſe bowſing bratts
Soakt in, And on their ſhoulders ſet their fatts
With Rams-heads, ſpite of Rainbowes in their hats?

Then give us Ale.

Is this that *Yorkſhire* ſtuffe did ſo confound;
And ſend away the Weavers ſhuttle crownd,
That they could neither finde nor feel the ground?

Then give us Ale.

Is this that temple, where the weavers lay
To meet the merry Merchants, day by day,
And double Ale their ſingle ſtuffs away?

Then give us Ale.

Is this that ſo much talkt of Northren hum,
For which both ſimpletons and ſages come
Is this that *Leviatan*—*tanta*? ſo —but mum.

Then give us Ale.

Is this that Ale that makes you dyers be
So oft from home? pray tell me where were yee?
Shculd all be hang'd that from their Colours flee

Then give us Ale.

Is this that same that did so much besot
The roasted Comber, as he quite forgot
His own, And now calls for the other pot?

Then give us Ale.

Yea give us Ale, for now I finde it true,
That Merchants, Weavers, Combers, Diars too,
And all the world, this liquor turnes true blew:

Then give us Ale.

As for your Poet his unfeyned wishes
Are, that the Ocean were such Ale as this is,
That yee, and all true trouts might drink like fishes.

Then give us Ale:

And for ol'd *Margerie* that Northern minks,
For my part, such Ale as shee brews, shee drinkes.

A Visit.

LAst Fryday, to my neighbours house I stept,
To see what Hospitallity he kept;
Soon I espid his Chimnie like a Maiden
In the green sickneſſe, with her colour fading,
Blushleſſe, and bleath; only herein they sever:
This a numme Palsie hath, and that a Feaver:

Neighbour

Neighbour said I, your Chymnies to be let
Why (Sir) quoth hee, you see no bill ont yet;
Well then, said I, to put you out of doubt,
I guesse so, cause your fire is going out.

To the World.

SOme say *Deucalion* made the World
Repopulous, with stones he hurld
Over his shoulder; On my life
Tis false, Hee hurld them ore his wife;
And ever since 'thas been the fashion,
So to hurle stones in generation.

O. P. to A. C. that oversold him a Horse to pay him at the day of his marriage, he being contracted and to marry with in ten dayes: O. P. not dreaming of any such matter.

WHy how now *Jockie*? what upon the Catch?
Had I suspected yours, 'thad been no match.
Look how the Proverbs croſt, you'r hastily bent
To marry, yet not you, but I repent.
How have my starres my credulous hopes still croſt?
You ride a cockhorse; I must pay the Post.
Hence *I* the dreame of the conceit espie,
You were though close, as hot upon't as *I*;
But *I* had smelt you out, and stopt your course,
Had *I* had as much forecast as my horse.
What will men say to whom this storys told?
But *I* and not my horse, am bought and sold.

You

You have my monie, and I hope with it
That I have paid for both your horſe, and wit:
Whilſt it muſt be of all the world confeſt,
On your ſide a good bargaine, mine, good jeaſt.
But don and paſt, I ſhall revive no ſtrife,
But take my beaſt, Sir, as you take your wife.
Whom herein I preſume I make my debtor,
You, double paid, muſt do your work the better:
In briefe tis thus, neither better nor worſe
You up, and ride, and I muſt hold your horſe.
Whilſt I conclude as ſad experience teaches,
Not only you, but your horſe over-reaches;
But twas ſo cloſe, ſo ſlighly brought about,
Neither my horſe, nor I could ſtumble't out.
Yet thus much might be ſpoken on my ſide,
Selling your horſe, who'd think you meant to ride?
But twas my error to conceive you lackt
A Nag, your wife I hope found one well backt.
I might have lookt him in the mouth I ſee,
Neither your horſe, nor you are over free:
My bargain, Sir, was bad, and you have done mee
Some injury with mine own horſe t'out run mee,
But yet if your civility extends
To this requitall, we are abſolute friends;
Since you are hee, whom I did ſo confide in,
You'l only lend mee your old boots to ride in.

Upon the name of the ſame horſe being called Butler.

BUtler! why that ſounds draft horſe, but I ſee
That thou canſt ſcarce draw thy leggs after
thee.

But

But yet thy crafty Master laid a ginn
And thou, and hee, made shift to draw mee in:
But *Troy* will tell thee these are things of course,
Synon could do it with a wooden horse.

PseudoPoeta *in a paper of false verses inveying against* Tantalia *for her lyeing tales.*

SHall I condemne *Tantalia*, and not you?
Her tales were false, your verses are not true.
Be gentle pray, you seem to have forgot
The proverb, whilst the kill upbraids the pot.
Come, yee are guilty both, of oversight,
Neither your verses, nor her tales are right.
Yea I could show you too as many slips
In your false feet, as in her faltering lips;
But I excuse yee both, for you perchance
As well as shee, did it in ignorance.

Veniam petimus dabimusque.

Upon ——— *his Picture Prefixt to his Almanack.*

WHat base aspect is this? didst thou devise
This haggy look, to be thought weather wise?

Gypsie,

Gypsies doe just the same, they get an ill
And counterfeit complexion, that's their skil.
But thou, as thine owne patron didst advance
This front; A lye had need of countenance.
Whence, by the by, no wiseman undertakes,
The patronage of any almanacks.
Yet I durst sweare, ther is, if truth were known
Nothing in thine, but the fooles face thine owne.
That preface false and foul nor is that yet
Thine owne, but like the rest they counterfeit.
But mumm, since I have lately understoode.
That you with the fowre hundred prophesie good.
Yet thus by way of caution, take heede how,
You tell a lye, And set a face on't too.

To Mr.———upon his silly Epitaph in print.

But didst thou pump this lamentable stuffe?
Prest the lines are pittifull enuffe;
Th' are somewhat shallow, but if thou wouldst keepe her
Immortall, let th' ingraver sink them deeper.
Thou, for the funerall, didst thy verses sort;
Amen doe sugar plum's, some long, some short:
'Twas goodluck though, they to thearse were pin'd
Else being lame tha'd sure been left behin'd:
But have a care, least with affront you greet.
The collenell, to send his wife a sheet;
Sure shee was rich enough, to leave be hinde her
Other gate stuffe, then thy fowle sheet, to wind her.

her

Did'ſt thou intend this ſing ſong to her honour?
Thou'ſt plaid the Sexton, & thrown dirt upon her.
Thou ſhouldſt have lighted too thy diſmall daſhes
At the next torch, and cry'd aſhes to aſhes:
Then, as her preiſt, or poet chooſe you whether,
Thou'dſt bury'd fame, and body both together.
Had'ſt thou ſoopt ſack, it would have brought thy chymes,
In better tune and tought thee loftier ryʳmes.
But ah! thy, muddy fancy ſhowes me clear.
Thou ſtood'ſt among the beggers, ſerv'd with bear.
Thou'dſt better brooke an elegiak jeaſt,
And made an *affidavit mortua eſt*,
Yen'twas well done t'avouch it with thy name,
Leaſt honeſt men ſhould ſuffer for thy ſhame.
Thou ſay'ſt thy belly ſhakd when thou didſt writ;
I think ſo too, the divel a verse was right.
When my ill fortune's dead, and I would laugh,
Ile ſend for thee to jerke an Epitaph.
Thou would'ſt be both a Poet, and Attorney,
Alas thy braines won't ſerve thee halfe the journy.
Would'ſt be a poet and atturney? Harke
What I adviſe, learne firſt to be a clark.
But here's enough; hee that writ this, hee knowes,
The muſes never dwell in Silly Howſe.

On the Gun-powder treaſone.

Now, fooles! how think yee is there not a God?
Ask but your backes, that ſmart with yeur owne rod.
When yee prepar'd this cup, did yee then thinke,
The dregs ſhould be the draught your ſelves muſt drink?

done

Doubtleſſe, yee'd not have dig'd ſo deepe a pitt,
Had yee but dream't your ſelves ſhould hanſell it:
How black was this eclypſe? what mean't yee by't?
A flame, and yet no light; twas hell fire right.
VVas ever vulcan matcht with ſuch a horne?
But hee that ſate in heaven laught yee to ſcorne.
VVhat at one blow both court and commons? piſh
'Twas but a falſifie, a *Caligula's* wiſh'
Yea but falſe fire, by heaven the touch hole was,
So ſtopt the flame could not to th' barrell paſſe.
Bleſt be the churches great protector for't!
'Twas yee gave fire, but wee gave the report.
Infernall Angells fight with *Gabriell*,
And heaven it ſelfe ſeemes undermin'd by hell.
But O how vainely the black brood of night,
Martiall their mates againſt the ſonnes of light?
Fear not *Bethu'lia*. *Holoferenes* ſhall,
Be dead drunk, and by his owne ſawchin fall.
Goliahs boaſts are breathleſſe, mercileſſe *Mydian*'
Muſt buckle to the brandiſht blade of *Gideon*. (knock
VVee need not feare, nor care wee though hell
Our temple's built on an impregnable rock;
Preſerv'd by providence. Babells bratts may kick
But never move our heaven fixt candle ſtick,
Tis *Rome* muſt ruine *Rome*, tis not your ginnes,
Are able to enſnare us, but our ſinnes:
Puffe till yee pant againe, alas! fond foe,
You doe but aſhes off our alters blow.
And whilſt your hell-hacht plots, your hate reveal
You don't extinguiſh, but inflame our zeal.
The wind, that ſhakes the boughes, faſtens the root;
And you confirm us, whilſt yee goe about.
Thus to ſupplant us; tuſh! yee doe but hence,
Endeare us to our God, for new defence.
But would you be reveng'd? then thus let't be,
Plot ſo, as he that made the eye, may'nt ſee.

To

To the right honourable the C. of DORSET,

Promiſing a Gentleman her Kinſwoman in marriage.

MADAM,

THe charmefull language from your lips diſtilld
My raviſht eares with heavenly muſick fill'd.
Had *I* led Love unto your Neeces heart;
And praid him there transfix his keeneſt dart
His being blind would have left him exempt
From penalty, And charg'd the whole attempt
On my accompt, whoſe boldnes durſt aſpire
(*Prometheus* like) unto celeſtiall fire.
Twere ſecriledge, and juſt ſuch, to bereave
Diana of a Nimph, without her leave.
Or ſteal a ſtarre from off his region
Whilſt *Phebe* ſlept with her Endymion.
I had been fellon to your honours bloud
And ſtolne a cignet from that royall floud.
Had not your grace firſt given me my book
The golden Scepter of your gracious look,
But now with humble confidence I reſort
To this faire ſtream, having your warrant for't.
Only let me beſeech your honour that
You'd ratifie it with a ſecond date.
Then being armd with this encouragement
My next addreſſe is to the Lady bent:

My

My fortunes balance, on whose only breath'
Depends the sentence of my life, or death.
If such a match felicitate my life,
Ile treat her as my Mistresse though my wife.
Ile study what may please her, and contend,
With fate, to make her happie to the end.
As for you gratious madam) deigne mee still,
The clear beames of your ladyships good will:
So shall I be assur'd what I commence.
Shall ripne in such sun light influence:
Meane while no thought shall from my breast arise
But what I dare present as sacrifice.
Thus I returne my selfe to both, whilst shee.
Possesse my heart; your grace commands my knee.

The weavers Memento mori.

AN honest weaver willing to make suer
His soule and body with arts ligatur.
Betooke him to his trade, and having got
The knack on't, knit them on a weavers knot.
But death a craftie merchant found a brack,
And let him plainely see t'would hould no tack,
Here's stuff e quoth hee, alas t'will scarse be worth
The looking on, when I have laid it forth.
Where is the fresh gloss, is this the lively red?
You spake of? tush tis faded, fled, and dead.
Alack and well a day the weaver said,
How dearly have I for this colour paid?
And yet it gives you no content, but I,
Poore I must let, must leave my work and die.

Ah! mee impartiall death where thou doſt come,
Thou either cutſt of, or concludſt the thrum.
My beame is ſtrong, but ſtrengh will not prevalle
Goliyah's ſpeare ſtout as my beame did faile:
My nimble ſhuttle flitting here, and there,
Preſents my life's in ſtable character:
Mark but how ſwift it to its exit tendes,
So fleetly fly wee all unto our our ends:
It puts but forth, and at its port arives,
So doth our death begin even with our lives.
My globe like wheel about its pole is hurld,
Juſt as the heavens are rapt about the world.
And turning to my filling boy behind me'
His winding pipes, does of my wind pipe mind mee.
If hee ſtand ſtill I muſt not work, if the aire,
Fill not my pipes my work will ſoon impaire,
A conſtant motion to my trade belongs,
So nature hath her loome, my breaſt, my lungs.
My blouds' her poſting ſhutle ſwiftly flies,
Through the ſtrait conduits of my arteries.
My purple veines her warping is, my haire
My tendons find, my nerves her tackling are.
My ſolid parts, my able bones are ſome,
Appointed beames, ſome holdfaſts of her loome:
And thus in there owne lomes doe all men weave,
And women too from cradle to theire grave.
Nor ceaſe wee all a bove a minites breath,
Till wee be turned out of worke by death.
Thus from thoſe inſtruments by which I earnt
My livelyhood, to dye I likewiſe learnt.
I looke but on my eyes, And I can read,
In them the ſeperation of my thread.
In laying of my coulours, ſtill I found,
The loweſt, a memento of the ground.
The faſhions teach mee ſince they keep no ſtay,
The faſhion of this world paſſesaway,

Come

Come then and wellcome death I have enough
Of this vaine world, its fraile, and druggie ſtuffe.
Can tempt mine eyes no more, come fetch me home
Ile give my life, for death; my loome for tome

To *Conſtantia*

Let others ply the oares t'wixt doubts and feares,
For I am paſt thoſe rocks, thoſe tydes of tears.
My ſullen ſtarre is fallen, warr's paſt, and I
Laiden with trophies of my victorie.
How doe I bleſſe my fate that I did meet?
With one ſo fayre, ſo faithfull, and ſo ſweet.
My humble knee bowes henceforth to no ſhrine,
(Though *Venus* were thy rivall) but to thine.
Happy my deareſt, happie hee may lye,
Vnder the tropick of thy gracious eye.
Nothing but death ſhall my firme faith remove,
Nothing but the cold flore ſhall coole my love.
The Gordeon knot that could not be unty'd
By art, did *Alexanders* ſword divide.
Our love knot's faſter, nor ſhall armes, nor arts
Vnlink the chain of our vnited hearts.
The noon-eyd ſun may chance run retrograde,
And as a Daphne follow his own ſhade.
Heaven may deſcend to earth, And earth aſpire
To Heaven. And water be at peace with fire,
Fiſhes and fowles may change their elements,
And take a glory in their new contents.
But when I faile, but when I ceaſe to love,
The center ſhall from its fixt baſe remove,

VVhen

VVhen I divid the thread our loves have ſpun,
The ſtreames ſhall back upon there fountaines run.
This I conclude a poſſibiltie,
I may forget my name; but never thee.
Ceres cickle; whether art thou gone.
See'ſt not our hopes into full harveſt growne?
Come booneſt *Bacchus*, come let's have a health,
To our beſt wiſhes; love hath ſtore of wealth.
View here our vintage, ſee our bleſt increaſe,
Of ſwelling grapes that only want the preſſe.
Haſt Hymen haſt, for wee muſt find in you,
The end of our deſires and verſes too.

To Bovino.

You bull it Sir, as if you meant a prize,
VVith milo at the bovine exerciſe.
Puſh forwards your good motion Sir, you may,
Encreaſe my landlords cornucopia.
But to ſpeake naked truth they ſay that you,
Doe not run to the bull, but to the cow.
VVhere you your ſelfe in manner of a bull,
Doe give Europa her white belly full.
And as tis fit you ſhould haveing gone halves
In getting, now you help to keepe the Calves.
But have a care St. *Stephens* wide gates are near,
You'l run your ſelfe out ere you be aware.

The FLEETS.

MY wiſhes greet
The Engliſh fleet
May no ſtormes toſſe
The Harp and Croſſe
Smile g entle fate
Upon our State
Attend all health
This Common wealth.

The Navie of the Dutch
I all good fortunes grutch
Vantrump and his Sea forces
Shall have my daily curſes
Upon the Dutch and Dane
VVait their eternall bane:
The Cavalering part
I vallew not a fart.

To a drunken Porter reeling into the Ring to wraſtle with a Taylor.

HEy hey pot-valiant Porter, friend, I feare,
That you have ſomewhat more then you can beare.
You make mee laugh to ſee you face and crack,
You puppie, I could beare you on my back.
Out of the Ring unleſſe you were more ſtout:
The Taylor ſwears heel fling, or cut you out.
You ſtand ſo waving and ſo tottering,
As if there were an Earth-quake in the Ring.
And eye the Taylor, as you would adore him,
Y'are ſo devout you ſcarce can ſtand before him.
Do you not heare him ſay it ſhall go hard
But at the firſt touch hee'l turne up your yard.
Nor will he uſe a quarter of his ſtrength
To meaſure all your quarters out at length.
See but his active ſtout, and able limb,
Porter I ſee youl never carry him.
Go wraſtle with yond tree you dizzie crowne,
More need to hold you up, then hu le you downe.
Had you as many leggs as any louſe
The eyes of *Argus*, Hands of *Bryarcus*,
All would not do it, for like *Polypheme*,
You would be run down in this drunken dreame.
And in the turning of a hand be found
As ſure as louſe in boſome, onthe ground.
Cord firſt his hands and feet, Then if you can,
Stand toot, and throw the ninth part of a man:
But your athletick art's not worth the trying
Go go a man may ſee where you've been plying

Brave

Brave ſport, a Porter, and his fox turnd looſe
T'encounter with a Taylor and his gooſe
Thus I perceive tis fatall to us all
After a luſtie cup to take a fall.

To a Brewer that promiſed mee a Staggs Tongue, and diſſapointed me.

NOw your *Æſopick* markets Sir, what? you'l
Your ſelfe be Brewer, and make mee the fool,
Faith Sir you ſhould not need your word to break
Ime ſure your beere wont make a Cat to ſpeak.
Come come let's hat, without a tongue, I vow
That I will never ſpeak good word of you.
Are you ſo politick to think by failing
Mee of my tongue, you do prevent my rayling?
Beleeve it not, Sir, I can cant my wrong
Like injurd Phylomel without a tongue.
Tongues are unruly members but I ſee
That you can rule yours, where it ſhould befree.
Thus to be fool'd, and baſted all a long,
Twould make one ſpeak that had but half a tongue
But I perceive the reaſon now my friend
Your tongue is faſt by the roots ith Chimnyes end.
I muſt for peace ſake, pocket up this wrong
And keep my hands of, becauſe you keep your tongue.
The tongues a two edgd ſword, and by the cup
Of my contempt, I ſcarce can put it up
May the Staggs hornes be grafted on your head
Till I have the Stags tongue you promiſed.

My

My furie flames I feare I ſhall ere long
Like *Dives* need your cooler for my tongue
For it begins I ſee to teare, and rend
Juſt like a womans tongue that knows no end
Brewer be ſure then that you ſtand aloof
Unleſſe you bring your tongue under my roofe
May be you'l ſay, that you have none, but I
Am ſure y't one have told me a divilliſh lye.
Thus am I faine to vindicate my wrong
In writing, becauſe I have loſt my tongue.

Jam pateris telis vulnera facta tuis.

To this Brewer ſending mee halfe a dozen tongues.

WEe judge it juſt that we diſtend our lungs
In gratitude to you that ſent us tongues.
Wee were a little too long tongu'd but you
Have made the tongues fit for our mouths Sir, now.
You ſeem to make us double tongud, for wee
Expected but the halfe of what wee ſee.
Our skill in Phiſick ſayes the Staggs did die
Of feavers for the tongues were hot and drie,
But wee to waſh down ſuch conceits, did make
Them ſwim in beſt Beer for the Brewers ſake.
The beaſts that loſt them ſhould not be more brute
Then wee, if we ſhould offer to be mute.
And where as wanting tougues we could allow
But paper praiſe, we cry a largeſſe now.
Thanks then thrice bounteous Sir, Twere ſin if we
ſhould be tongue-tyde, where your tongues are ſo free.

To

To my ſtrange Rivall, *ſervant to the Siſter of my Miſtreſſe engroſſing both his owne and mine.*

The Sceene Jacka Newbery.

Y'are but a *Jack* by *Jack* a *Newbery*
To overcharge your ſelfe, to injure mee
Be not ſo greedy, you two, and *I* none?
The time may come youl' find enough of one
Neither had been of our deſires bereſt
Had you but had your right: and *I* the left,
Take heed you play not *Æſops* dog whilſt you
Covet the ſubſtance, and the ſhadow too.
Truſt mee I muſt reſent this injurie
To ouerdoe your ſelfe to undoe mee
Tis baſeneſſe in the abſtract greedy ſinner,
Having thy belly full to crave my dinner.
But I perceive my talk is to no end,
For thou wilt burſt thy ſelf to ſtarve thy friend.
This folly I have oft in children known,
Either two peeces, or they will have none.
And here to the I may it well apply
Tis better fill thy belly, then thy eye.
Traitor and theif thou,ſt rob'd mee of my Jewell
But for the actIde end it in a duell.
And faith I muſt too, come the worſt event
That can tis but ſix moneths impriſonment.
And what is that to mee ſince I muſt be
Her Priſoner even in height of liberty,
Say death enſue my challenge? ſhall I doubt
To dye for her, I can not live without:
Faile not this after noon then to meet mee
Preciſe at fower,at *Jack* a *Newbery*
Your weapons what you pleaſe; unleſſe my fate
Oppoſe, ile ſend you home by Cripple-gate.

To

To a Gentleman that promiſed, but failed, to meet me at an Ale-drapers.

NOw halfe an hower paſt ſix, and more, & faile:
Your friend, a ſecond time? Come give us ale:
Are you all diſſappointment, is your frame,
And fabrick only ſuch? Go fetch the ſame.
VVhat! was I borne to wait? upon my ſoule
You wrong my patience; woman, fetch a Rowle.
Your actions are unhandſome, without *baile*
Or *mainprize*, y'are condemn'd, 'go fetch more Ale:
Shall we looſe ſuch a morning ſuch fair weather?
Go (faith) even fetch a brace of pots together.
Look, if he come yet; we are ſure of theſe?
Not yet in ſight? goe fetch the Holland Cheeſe,
What? you don't ſee him yet; well, we muſt call
For t'other diſh of Ale, to waſh downe all.
March in my black-brow'd pots; untill ye ſtand
Before mee, like an *Æthiopian* band.
Faith, I am now in, goe to, trye, if yee
Eclipſed beauties, be good leachery.
Come then, and give me lip roome, ſhall I not
Kiſſe your black lipps? why? Ladyes kiſſe the pot.
Yes I muſt kiſſe, and friends: for it appeares
My wrath hath made me pull ye by the Eares.
Excuſe me, pray, if I my ſelfe forgot,
For all the world can tell, I love the pot.
And therefore this doth my content beget,
Though I had no luck, I had pot-luck yet.

To another Gentleman, that ſerved me ſuch a trick.

NOt yet, nor yet, and yet the Chymes done going?
Some Beer, and Sugar boy! come, let's be doing;
My expectations big, come fill away,
Hope is an Anchor, Anchors make us ſtay.
Hamborough like, untill the Clock ſtrike few
I mean to drink, *videlicet* till two;
Nay I'me reſolved, if I be alive,
Since *I* am in, I will not out till five:
Then never grutch at what ſo e're you heare
I am no waiter, but where there's good cheare.
Sir, I am none of thoſe, that can digeſt
Hopes falſe conception; Boy, fetch the beſt.
Hope is my iſſue, wherein I'm beguild,
You got it, pray, then anſwer for the child;
If not, you muſt, nay (faith) you ſhall, be witting
To pay the Nurſe; And that is juſt two ſhilling.

To a Philomuſe *from whom I received a Paper upon the ſame Subject and by the ſame Poſt.*

WEll my good Coſ. what the ſame fiſh
That I was frying? faith i'de wiſh
To meet the oftner in my diſh:
The proverbs, good witts jump, we both deſign'd
The plot, yet neither knew each others minde.

But

But didſt not think it ſtrange to ſee,
My part borne in thy Symphonie?
Tru ſtmee *I* marvelld much at thee,
Nay under *Morpheus* you complaine your *Muſe*,
Mine under *Saturne*, *Not a pin to chooſe*.

Well fare thy pen *I* recald to light
This plot, that elſe had ſlept in night;
(As dark as *Faux* his Lanthron) might
(Should we neglect ſuch mercy) us include
In as high treaſon, deep ingratitude.

Ben godamercy for thy ſonnet,
Let all *Papiſts* deſcant on it;
Whilſt all *Proteſtants* vaile the Bonnet:
But for this time ile let thy praiſe alone,
Leaſt having writ too: I beſpeak mine own.

At the Floriſts *Feaſt in* Norwich
Flora *wearing a Crown.*

GEntlemen welcome *Flora* ſayes ſo too,
For thee had had no feaſt now, but for you;
Once in a yeare *Appollo* deigns a ſmile,
And gravity it ſelfe admits a guile;
Mechanicks have their meetings, and as oft,
As the ſnake tooth to taile turnes, ſing a loſt.
Bibbers Carowſe it to the god of Wine,
And everie bird will have his *valentine*.
But I had ſav'd my labour of the reſt,
Had I firſt ſaid, each *Angel* hath his *Feaſt*.
How *I* have been neglected of late yeares,
To you, whom I my judges make, appeares;
I ſhall not ſtand to tell you, ſince the ſeeds
Of diſcord, I am overgrowne with weeds;

And justly verifie the jokes of those
Who say, between two nettles sits a rose.
Am not I *Queene* of *Zephyr's* familie?
And my rich traine, the earths embroderie
Are not my daughters the *Olympian* eyes?
VVhose more then terrene luster, stellifies
The muddy face of *Ops*, courting your view
VVith colours, such as *Ixis* never knew.
VVitness the feilds, luxurious in my smile,
Presents the country every day a guile.
But tush! *I* come not here, to feast your eyes
VVith simples, such as rustick fopperies:
For what alas! are *bottles blew*, or *white*,
Or travellers joy, to cittizens delight?

Hence, rustickes, hence yee petty plumes of May,
Though we'lth and beauty of the spring, away;
This feast fars not with you, noe *these* are they
Shall crowne the tryumph of faire *Floras* day:
The *lilly* and the *rose*, shall not be seene
Amongst us, though of flowers the King, & Queene.
Nor th. humble *violet*, These, most lively, wee
Can in the garden of your vertues see.
Hence *goldy-locks*, though hand maid of the sun,
Here's no roome for a pot companion;
Save such whose pots puft up with richest earth,
Are the *Iucina's* of a nobler birth,
The immortall *Amaranth*, shall not here be showne
Nor *hee*, who fancy'd no face but his owne:
These are our toyes, our trifles, But now, wee
Come to uncabinet our treasurie.
The lustie and the country gallant too,
As pledges of our loves present wee you.
The *spanish*, *French*, and *welch* infantes we
Commend for their unmatcht varietie.

The *painted Lady*, (think it though no taint
Vnto her beauty, for tis natures paint)
The rare *Diana*, not ſhee whome we find
In the wild woods, noe, this is garden kinde;
On whom a man may looke, and, ſmiles importune,
Without the danger of a horned fortune.
Next this ſweet dame, There's the *Begrovenere*,
The lovely *Comans*, The peerleſſe *Grampeere*,
Speckemakers white, Taunies cumbers cornation
Are flowers which nothing want but admyration.
The *murry*, *mullion*, and the *Baljudike*
Twere plenteous want of wiſdome not to like;
The faire *Amelia*, the *Nymph Royall*, and
The *Turks cap*, the *adonis*, the *Le'grand*,
The *Hugonant*, *Appelles*, and *French marble*,
Are ſuch whoſe praiſe, a *phylomel* ſhould warble.
The *Oxford* had attended on the crowne,
But that to tell you truth hee's out of towne.
Here's the gray *Hulo* though, and white *Cornation*,
Would challeng more then common commendation.
The *Vannocker*, the black *imperiall*
And *Cryſtall* too, the mirrour of them all.
Both *wiggons*, low, and loftie, *Angelot*
The *Stranger*, the *Catewſter*, and what not?
The *Duke of venice* preſence here you ſee,
And *York* the flower of the nobilitie.
Thus gentlemen hath, *Flora* told her ſtore,
If you can find a wiſh yet ask for more.
And yet (propitious ſoule) before you leave her,
Shee vows to bring you in the *Prince's favour*.
Had yee but met, when *tulops* were in towne
She then had given you every one a crowne.
But did I call the *Lillie king* of flowers?
Out of all doubt then theſe are *emperours*.
If thoſe be *ſtarres* then theſe are *planets* ſuer,
If theſe but ſhine; theſe ſimples are obſcure.

Heres colour upon colour, you may ſeek
A field to march the graces of one cheek:
But I ſhall add no more, ſave only thus,
That here Compariſon is odious.
Ceres, and *Bacchus*, promiſ'd to be here,
And the beſt brewer ſent us in our bere:
Since thenere neither wants Beer, Wine, nor
gueſt,
Flaggons and flowers ſhall flow at *Floras* feaſt.
Let chearly Cups crown a carowſing day;
Ambroſe ſhall broach, ye the *Ambroſia*.
Your eyes ſee *Flora's* heaven and that your eares,
May feaſt too, hark *Apollo* moves the ſpheares.

The Song.

STay! O ſtay! ye winged howers,
The windes that ranſack Eaſt, and Weſt,
Have breathd perfumes upon our flowers,
More fragrant then the *Phœnix* neſt:
Then ſtay! O ſtay ſweet howers! that yee,
May witneſſe that, which time nere ſee.

Stay a while, thou featherd Syth-man,
And attend the Queen of flowers,
Show thy ſelf for once a blyth man,
Come diſpence with a few howers:
Elſe we our ſelves will ſtay a while,
And make our paſtime, *Time* beguile.

This day is deignd to *Floras* uſe,
If yee will revell too, to night
Weel preſſe the Grape, to lend ye juyce,
Shall make a deluge of delight:
And when yee cant hold up your heads,
Our Garden ſhall afford ye beds.

An EPITAPH.
Upon Oliver *O dead drunk.*

HEre lyes a Lyon, and a Lamb,
Sweet, and savage, wilde and tame:
Courteous, careleſſe, Poore, and proud,
Man, and no man: Little, and lowd:
Childrens *May game*; fine, forlorne,
Courtiers conſort: *Commons* ſcorne:
Kind, and curriſh, would ye know
Who I mean? tis *Oliver O*,
That companion baſe and boon,
Sets and Riſes with the *Sun*:
Thus in brief his exerciſe
He pipes, dances, and he dyes,
And when paſſing we can tell;
For he rings out his own knell.

Upon his ſecond time being dead drunk.

LOe here,
Dead as the bere,
Was drawn laſt yeare:
And Coffind up,
In a loſt Cup,
Lyes, little heart *O*,
Who like a fart *O*,
Did now depart *O*,
Twas ruffe,
And with a puffe
Out went the ſnuffe.
Alas! how ſoon
Tis after noon?
This morning hee *O*,
Was companie *O*,
For thee, or mee *O*.

Tnd tooke
Ahe Spaniſh ſmoke,
Jnto his poke,
As if he meant
Sir, by conſent
To tune his pipe *O*,
But being ripe, *O*,
Began to type *O*,
But P—*O*,
No more but ſo;
Tis *Oliver O*
Lets overſee
This ſcape for hee
The truth to tell *O*
Till he was mellow,
Was a good fellow;
And ſhall to morrow morning make's approach
As quick, and lively, as the freſh abroach.

An Epitaph *upon a Weaver.*

HEre lyes a Weaver, whom that Turk
And tyrant, death turn'd out of work.
Poore fellow he is gone, what though?
Hee's out of bonds would I were ſo.
Alas he ſold *Chamelion* ware,
By which he ſav'd ſcarce ought but aire.
Gone, quoth hee'l pray how ſhould he ſtay?
Such gaine will drive us all away.
Well, twas a ſad and ſuddaine change,
And yet to me tis nothing ſtrange.
For trading's dead, and wares will give
No price at all, how ſhould he live?

An Epitaph.

Dedicate to the Memorie of Dr. Ed. Cook.

UNſluce your Captive flouds; what, can ye keep
Your eyes from teares, and ſee the Marble weep?

Burſt

Burſt out for ſhame, or if yee find no vent
For greife, yet ſtay and ſee the ſtones relent;
If ſtill you can forbeare; weepe then to ſee:
Your ſtupid hearts more ſtone, then *Niobe*.

On goodwife Plaine.

Here with out either welt, or gard,
Lyes goody *Plaine* in the Church yard:
Freſh in our memoryes, till the next raine,
Settle the earth againe, downe plaine.

On W· G.
A great ſwearer but litle lyar,

VVill, the ſwearer's dead and gon,
VVhether? you may gueſſe anon.
Say hee is inheaven I dare not
In that ſacred place they ſweare not.
VVhere then? not in hell, no doubt,
For heed ſweare the devill out,
What muſt then become of him,
Does hee neither ſinck nor ſwim;
Heavens forbid, wel'l judge the beſt,
And conclude his ſouls' at reſt.
Of his oathes, hee did repent him,
And his conſcience do'unt torment him.
And hee ſhall (heavens mercy crav'd)
By Gods bloud, and wounds be ſav'd

In memoriam Roberti Dey Pharmacap. Norv.

Arts Parramour is dead, that men may ſee,
Nature hath no hold of eternitie.

O that my teares were legible that I,
And my ſad muſe, might weep his elegie:
Norwich, in ſorrows weeds attend his urne,
It not for his; yet for your owne ſakes mourne.
Remember cittizens, yee uſ'd to fly
To ſue out your reprives from death, to *Dy:*
Whoſe ſalutiferous *magazine* of artes,
Was your cheife *Sanctuary* againſt death's darts.
There, feeble nature in a trice might be,
Arm'd againſt all diſeaſes *Cap ape.*
But hee is gone, and in a good old age,
Tooke his calme *Exit* of a turbulent ſtage:
His death as harmeleſſe as his birth, from whence
His years were crownd with double innocence;) good
VVhilſt wee, (for ſo perhaps heavens have thought
Are left, to write our ſtories in our bloud.
Time's ſyth hath wounded him, but hee hath got
Such *ſemper-vivum*, as hee feels it not.
VVith *faith, hope, charitie,* & *contrition*
He made up his *Celeſtiall compoſition.*
And with an *unctious* name hee mixt a *Roll,*
Of *Gratia dei* for his wounded ſoule:
Now his thread yeilded to the *Siſters* kniſe,
For *Aqua-vitæ* hee drinkes water of life.
Much might unto his prayſes ſpoken be,
And only this one truth; namely that hee,
Even Dey, the true Apothecary was,
All that are left, are but ſynoyma's.

To the perpetuall memory of my ever honoured Cozen Mr. E. H.

VNder this ſad marble lyes,
Natures pride, and beauties prize:

Such

Such, ſo ſweet her accents were,
As would charme a *Syrens* eare;
Such her modeſt mode as ſhee.
Taught the turtle charitie.
In ſumme a more veruous wife,
Never ſweetend husbands life.
To conclude then, all was ſhee,
Man could wiſh, or woman be,
Who lyes here, like treaſure found
Not above but under ground.

A Legacie to VRBANIA *an unworthy Cittie.*

Citty ingrate, nay worſe, but Ile include,
All your good nature, in ingratitude.
Wellfare your coſtly ſwordes which now yee wou'd
As faine encrimſon in my inocent bloud.
As ere yee wiſht m' *Crucifige* accept you; ah! you
Hoſanna cry, and *hoſenecha* too:
Is it in this; in this, I pray, I wrong yee
To ſpend my ſelfe, and my eſtate among yee?
If weary ſteps to make your Citty flouriſh,
If head, if heart, if Purſe employ'd to nouriſh
Widows diſtreſt, and orphans be a crime,
Grant heaven no worſe offence take up my time,
Bark on black mouthed envie, yee as ſoone,
Affright mee, as the *Syrian* wolves, the moone:
Nor doe I envie thoſe, have ſought with coſt,
The honourable trouble, I have loſt:
Lord fill my hart with thanks, my mouth with praiſe
My haires may yet ſee *halcyon* dayes:
God guards mee ſtill, though I've no ſwordes t t'davance,
Though no fine cap, God is my maintenance.

maine

In Honorem Poetarum.

WHose poore conceit is that
That Poets should be poore?
They talk they know not what,
Alas! they wish no more,
They have Enough in that they see
Content is worth a monarchy.

Do not the sacred Nine,
Come daily to their houses,
And break their fast, and dine,
And sup, and soop carouses?
Who calls them poore then, that are able,
To feast the Muses at their table?

Yee go to Poets, when
Your deareſt friends be dead,
They give them life agen
Though they be buried:
Tis strange then, Poets should not live
That thus can life to dead men give.

Yea all the world must know,
Save those to truth averse,
The swaine was taught to plow,
By *Virgills* fertil verse.
Tis strange then, he should needy be,
Found out the art of Husbandry,

Riplie was rich I trow,
Whose Poems did enfold
That which men hunt for soe,
The art of making Gold:
He had the Philosophick stone,
Sure hee, must then be rich, or none.

Yee

Yea, do not all men ſay?
Poets dare any thing:
Pray was not noble *May*
Calld brother by a *King*?
Nor is it more then true report,
Satyrick lines have hang'd a ſort.

Euridice could tell
That being raviſht hence,
Bold *Orpheus* ranſackt hell,
And reſcu'd her from thence.
Yea verſes ſo *Magnetick* are,
They fetch the Moon down from the ſphear.

Nor have they only power,
But gifts of propheſie,
The moſt celeſtiall dower,
Heavens give mortalitie.
Sure then they can't want coſtly Cates,
Being *Oracles* and *Potentates*.

They that have moſt, ſtill itch
For more, more baggs to ſtuffe,
VVhilſt they are only rich,
Can ſee they have enuffe;
How poorly fools of Poets prate?
Come, they are poore, whom God doth hate.

Prineeps; & Vates non quovis naſcitur anno.

Man.

WHat time *Jehovah* heaven, & earth's *Creator*
Had fully finiſht the world vaſt Theater
He brings up Man, and gives the world to ſee,
His curious art, in their Epitome:

VVhich

VVhich but in man, he in no creature would.
They but of Simple, hee of Compound mould:
They but of bodyes only doe consist,
In man a bodie, and a soule contrist;
His bodie his base part, earth represents,
His heaven-breathd soule, earth's soule, the elements
The ingredients of the world are water Aire,
Earth, fire, such man's ingredients are,
Your leave, And thus the semblance I rehearse,
Betweene the great and little Universe.
His head's orbicular, like the circular skies,
Whose lampe meet rivalls, in his orient eyes;
And as tis heaven most like, tis heaven most neare,
Reason swayes her majestiest seepter there;
That divine guest that makes a man, thence all
The senses borrow their originall;
And as their sole and supreme court, repaire,
To manifest their virtues in that chaire.
Nor may I here forget that comely front,
That so surprises all that looke upon't;
Those lovely lineaments, those goodly graces,
Attend the sweets of well proportiond faces;
What wonders nature in his tongue commences,
The instruments of delicious senses?
Which wee beyond expresse oftimes, refresh,
With rapsodies from that small filme of flesh.
How right heres *Pan* and *phœbus*? whilst our eares
Are partiall twixt our voyces, and the spheares:
Some time t'is full, and makes his voice as loud,
As thundring roaring from the shattered cloud.
But let's goe downward with his heires and see
How it does with the pilles of grasse agree;
The number well concurres, in each wee see
The numerous foot steps of a deitie;
Both the effect of moisture; who so seekes
The *Rose*, or *Lillie*, they so blow in his cheeks;

Nay

Nay what can you preſent, but hee commands,
The lively tranſhape, from his *Protean* handes?
His bloud is like the ſtreams that to, and fro
Turning, and winding are, the center through:
ſhould *I* here ſwell my ſtory, to preſent
The office of each *chord*, each *ligament*,
The *Nerves*, the *tendons*, and the *Arteries*,
My life would be toe ſhort to finiſh theſe.
Nay there's no member, but in it I ſee
A theame of wonder to eternitie.

And yet this body wee can't prayse enuffe,
Compare it with the ſoule ti's ſordid ſtuffe:
Ther's not ſuch difference, t'wixt the ſorrie caſe,
And *Iewell*; t'wixt the mask, and the faire face:
God made mans body after all the reſt
Add after that inſpir'd the ſoule the beſt:
The body from the earth the duſt, aſcends,
The incompounded ſoule from God deſcends:
T'is not the fleſh, but in the ſoule, that wee
Aſſume the image of the deitie.
The bodie's ſuject to moralitie,
The ſoul part of the living God can't dye.
Natures appointed time of change revolves,
And it into his elements deſolves;
His native heat does to the fire repaire,
Water to water breath unto the aire.
The bones, and parts that are more ſolid muſt
Lye priſners till they render duſt to duſt;
Meane time the ſoul, her native ſtation keeps
In heaven, whilſt nature in her cauſes ſleeps.

A Gueſſe at H E L L.

Par nulla figura Gehennæ.

ACcurſed *Topheth* ! how ſhall I define,
This diſmall dungeon, this ſad Cell of thine:
So dark, ſo duskie, ſo devoid of light,
How ſhall I ſee to draw thy picture right?
VVhat Colours ſhall I grinde? Colours (ſaid I)
Thou art all black, black as *Proſerpines* Eye.
Deep, & declive, beneath the dead Sea is
In a blinde hole, this thy all black Abyſſe.
Thy pitchie Pallace, where the chearly Sun
Nere comes, as out of his commiſſion:
Nor lends the Moon ſo much as one odd night,
To qualifie thy darkneſſe, with her light,
VVhich we but ſleep by? No, nor all the yeare
Does one ſmall ſtarre on thy dark front appeare.
Thou blackeſt Moore; ask but thy *Danaan* traine?
Their tub taſh tells thee thou art labour in vaine
Goe ask Ixion elſe, or him whoſe ſtone
Gathers no moſſe, they all conclude in one.
Thou the true *Negro* art, and *Patentee*
Of utter ſhades, there is no night but thee:
The darknes the Egyptians felt, was but
A type of thine, and but too fairely cut:
Tartareous Tullian, how thy tract is trod?
To *Baalzebub*, knight of the black rod;
Whoſe haggie haire, curls into ſnaky torrs,
More terrible then poets poore reports:
His ghaſtly, yea his griſlie looke, is ſuch
My ſenſe ſoſakes mee, if I thinke on't much:

His

His hornes, the pitch fork is, where with he turnes
Those broyling Sceletons, he ever burnes
In flames that never shall be quencht, but hark,
I talk of flames, and yet I call Hell dark!
Flames I confesse there are, but black, not bright,
Yea there is fire, and yet no firelight:

Fowle feind! thy nose is like a *Comet*, or
The tayle, of some prodigious *Meteor*.
Well may it serve thee for thy red hot purr,
VVherewith thou dost thy stifling sulphur stirre:
Thy sooty Eybrowes, are as black as coales,
Smoakt with thine eyes, that flame like Oven holes
Meane while the Corners where fresh Brimstone lies,
Pretend a yellow Jandyse in thine eyes.
But 'tis the black, the black (fiend) is thy griefe,
But thy disease admits of no reliefe.
Thy mouth like raging *Aetna* vomits fire,
The furious flakes of thy unslak't desire,
As much attractive, and as mercilesse, as
The 7 times hotter headed furnace was.
Thine armes are firie fetters, that embrace
Those monuments of miserie whose sad case
Thou do'st not p ittie, though though seem'st a while,
To weep upon them, like the *Crocodile*.
Have you not heard of smoaking *Sodom*? such
His breath's, But *Sodom* smoak's not half so much.
His veynes are streams of sulphur: His loud lungs
His bellows; And his hideous hands his tongues;
His black, and melancholly bloud containes
VVorse venome, then ere lurkt in *Centaurs* veines.
And by his cloven foot, 'tis plainly showne,
His Kingdom run's upon Division.

Theſe are his titles- The *Unfathom'd Gulfe*,
The *Roaring Lion*. And the *Raging Woolfe*.
The *Wild Beaſt* of the Forreſt, The *Annoyer*
Of Chriſtian liberty, The *Deſtroyer*.
The *Mortall Enemy* of all man kinde,
By theſe and ſuch like tearmes is he defind;
Father of *Falſhood*, *Feeces* of the Cup
Of Condemnation who can ſumme thee up?
Or let thee forth, No hand can ere effect it,
Unleſſe that hand, that captiv'd thee, direct it.
Envye her *Enſign* on thy front diſplaies,
And like the *Baſilisk* at diſtance ſlayes;
Thy Noſe ſteep as the *Alpes* parts two deep Cells;
On this ſide, *Hatred*: That ſide *Malice* dwells.
And cauſe ſuch beauty ſome preſervatives aske,
Shame and *Confuſion* are thy conſtant masks.
But leaſt my Charkole faile to finiſh thee,
Thou'art the ſorm, of all deformity.

As for thy vaſſalls, thus begin their evills:
Their entrance ſtrait transformes them into Devils
Their entertainment will be ſuch, as they
Shall flee to death, But death will flye away:
Hard are their haps, ſo vainly ſhall implore
A deadly *requiem*, at death's deafned dore.
The torturous worme, that gnawes their conſciences
Doe's like *Prometheus* vultur never ceaſe
Curſes are all their hymmes: Their parched throats,
Cant *Lachrymæ* in lamentable notes.
Their Ditties, blaſphemies, ſcreichin their ſtraines
Howling their tune, whoſe burthen greife ſuſtaines
VVith ſighs, and ſobs, gnaſhing their teeth, they run
Their doleſull deſcant, and diviſion:
VVell knew, our Saviour, *Judas* ſad eſtate
VVhen he pronounc'd his birth infortunate:

Alas!

Alas! theſe ſufferings are inſufferable,
Yet muſt be borne, although they be not able.
Sad is the ſtrength, that is but lent us, to
Suſtaine the *Atlas* of a greater woe.
Of fables fond, and fooliſh, *Poets* tell,
That *Hercules* went, and returned from *Hell*.
VVell might he goe, but if he ere return'd
To tell his rearrivall: Ile be burn'd.
Hee that comes to this place, he muſt diſcuſſe
His *Exit*, with a ſtouter *Cerberus*.
Alcides might, and *Orpheus* mirth, muſt faile,
They can not 'gainſt the gates of Hell prevaile.
No hope of breaking out the Dungeons deep,
And the vaſt wall envyrons it, is ſteep.
Yet grant it ſcalable, there's a dreadfull Mote,
Nine times ſurrounds it that will bear no boat:
Son, ſuch a Gulph 'twixt thee, and mee, doth flo
Thou canſt not hither, nor we thither goe.
Deſpaire, and dye, hope no revocative day,
Since thou art baniſht into *Scythia*.
Yee that drink the worlds *Lethe*, forget *God*,
See here his Scorpions, and his flaming rod.
Yee jeſted with edg'd tooles ſince *Mercyes* heele
VVas lead: But *Juſtice* hath a hand of Feel.
Depart ſaies Chriſt, depart wretch from my ſight,
Into the boſome of confuſed Night.
Hurry him hence: Head long him down beneath,
To the black vally of eternall death.
Think not wretch I command thy Curtaines cloſe,
To apt thine eyes to a more ſweet repoſe:
No! Hells hard ſervic'd Centinells, muſt keep
Continuall watch, and never, never ſleep.
Nor be releiv'd: No *Circean lullabies*,
Shall be of power to charm their damned eyes:
Think now, profaneſt liver, Do but think,
How thou of this ſo bitter Cup, wilt drink:

Call

Call in thy thought and but consider well
And tell me now, but what thou think'st of Hell!
Didst thou lye waking on a bed more soft
Then downe, pluckt from the Ravens plume, how oft
VVouldst thou wish morning? lingring for the light
Though bed-rid, but a poor Cymmerian night:
Think then how thou wilt tosse thy restlesse head,
VVhere everlasting burning is thy bed.
Think then I say of their accurst condition,
VVhose misery shal have no intermission:
This is that bitter draft, whose dire dregs be
The limits of these woes, Eternity.
Here I break off, should I proceed to tell
VVhat thou hast lost that were another Hell.

——*En ultima tanti*
Mesta furoris adest.

A glimsiring glimpse of Heaven.

HEaven! Lord what's that? Is it that heap of treasure
The worldling hugs so? Or that sweet of pleasure
So Idolizd? Is it that glorious puffe
Of Honour, where with men nere swell enuffe:
Or is it beauty, whose Celestiall fire,
Blowes up that *Æina* of the worlds desire?
Lyes it else in Revenge that sweet, sweet ease,
Of injuries; Noe, noe, tis none of these.
For wealth, alas! hath wings, and all the rest
Are vanity of vanity at best.
VVhat is it then? earths VVide-streatcht Canopie
The glittering surface of the ambient skie?
Is it the Sun? that glorious globe of light
Or his bright consort, *Empress* of the night.

Noe,

Noe, none of these, we must ascend a sphear
Two stories higher, then our eyes, and there
O there this Heaven of heaven is, But first I
Er'e I can tell you, what it is, must dye.
In vaine for Heaven I darkling grosp about,
I can not see't, untill these eyes be out.
Eyes have not seen, nor hath mans mortall eare
Heard of the joyes, the joyes of joyes are there.
Nor hath it enter'd into th' heart of man,
Tis too angust, ah! tis too small a span
To entertain't, we must perforce decline it,
Heaven were not Heaven, Could flesh, and bloud
define it.
Grant, O my God, that I not being able
To wade thus deep, make not Heaven seem afable.
But loe! the sacred spirit here, descends
Unto our understanding, and commends
This inexpressive paradise, and even
As it were by reflection showes us Heaven.
Which he a sumptuous City calls, Built on
And by Christ Jesus the true corner stone,
Not made with hands, the Citty is foure square,
East, *West*, *North*, *South* Gates Æquidistant are.
Length, height, breadth, depth, do all conspire to be
The uniforme of perfect Symetrie.
Twelve gates there are of most magnificent state,
Made of twelve Pearles, Of every Pearle a Gate,
And as twelve gates of twelve rich Pearles; so here
Twelve rich foundations, of twelve gemms appear:
The *Sardus*, *Saphir*, and the *Sardonix*,
The *Topas*, *Jasper*, and *Jacynth* are six.
The *Beril*, *Emerald*, and *Chalcedonite*,
Chrysoprasus, *Amethis*, and Chrysolite;
Make up the four times three, whose sparkling light
Banish all possibility of might.
The stately streets, all along as ye passe,
Are pav'd with Gold, transparent as pure glasse,
Through

Through which, the silver streames of life convey
Their Christal Currents, whilst in rich array,
On either side this glittering *Tagus* stand
The trees of life, whose boughs bow to the hand,
There's neither *Sun*, nor *Moon* in that bright spheare,
Hee that lent them their light himselfe shines there.
There's none that watch, nor none that guard relieves,
What need there? since theres neither night, nor theeves.
Theres nothing grieves, no being all amort,
Darkness and *Death*, are strangers in that *Court*.
Envy, *Backbiting*, *Malice*, and *Disgrace*,
Sorrow and *Sickness*, dwell not in that place,
Without are dogs, nothing that is uncleane
Hath any part, in that *Celestiall Scene*.
But *Meekness*, *Faith*, and *joy*, and *Cordiall love*,
Such are the starres, in that bright orb that move.
There they for ever feast their Eyes on thee,
On whom one glance, eternall life would be.
How shall I hope sufficiently t'admire
Those living powers, in thy *Celestiall* quire?
Those thousand thousands that attend upon
The radiant throne, of thy all glorious Sonne?
Angells, *Archangels*, *Cherubins*, and *Thrones*,
Amazing *Seraphins*, and Dominions?
Which in thy highest presence allwayes sitt,
Enjoying happ'nesse next to infinite.
Any of which descending from his story;
Would extacy, and kill us with his glory.
Here close your lids my daring eyes, least yee,
Where angells hide thier faces, be too free:
Lord how I reach, and roame t'uncurtaine heaven;
Whilst I am even of mine own selfe bereaven?

O take

O take these fetters! take these clogs from mee;
Take these scales from mine eyes, that I may see
Thy tabernacle, Thy Hierusalem;
VVel thou heavens Monarch, hast prepar'd for them
That love, and feare thee: Ah me! when shall I
Come and appeare before thy Majesty?
VVhere ere thou beest, let me but see thy face;
I'le ask no other heaven, no other place:
If thou discend into th' abysse below,
My soule shall wish no other heaven to know:
VVhere thou art, heaven is: 'tis not the resort
Of Courtiers: But the King, that makes the Court.
Thus have I taken paines, to shew ye that,
VVhich is, I must confesse, *I* know not what.

Mercerie

THis afternoon *I* met the tribe of *Gad*,
Running through Bedlam as they had been mad
Shufling and shouldring at so strange a rate,
As if they strove to enter the strait gate.
VVith that seeing the conflux of the traine
I could not choose but mak't *Turne againe Lane*,
And down the stream making my armes, my Oares
I row'd to *Moore fields*, where I found more whores
Gentle, and simple, then a man could meet,
Either in Turn ball, or in Turn up Street.
Satting and Silk, and Peticoats brocado
Marcht like an Amazonian armado,
Furious as your French troops, scarce ere a wench
But by her out side, shew her inside French.

Some

Some zealous Gitt'zens ſhew their wives, that even
By being Cuckolds, they might go heaven.
It made me laugh to ſee their ſweeping trailes
In ſpite of Barbars puffes, powder their tailes.
O how the leacherous duſt did vaught! and riſe
Twixt the croſſe Chevernes of their foaming thighs.
So light were they, ſo given to the *Tap*
VVhat men would not, the very winds took up.
VVith that ſaid I, now too too well perceive I,
Y'are not the tribe of *Gad* alone, But *Levi*.
Meane while the trees in ſuch even order grow,
They ſeem'd a ſecond *Pater noſter row*.
They raild in-graſſe-plot as a ſpacious ſhop
Of Summer weeds for Virgins was ſet ope.
And many gallants came from out the towne
Thither, to give their Ladies a green-Gowne.
Here is great wraſtling, Boyes, and men, and all
And here and there a woman takes a fall;
Venter on which you pleaſe, if men you like,
Know then they ſayle cloſe by the Wind mil ſtrike.
If you from men, to women be departers,
You ſhall not faile to meet them in the quarters.
And therefore if your purpoſe that way ſtand
Goe ſee for them, when you can't ſee your hand
And to your work (my friend) tis Country play
Not by the belt but felt, catch that catch may.
Be not diſcourag'd for the duskie night
Bee't nere ſo dark, Ile warrant you a light.
More of *Moore-fields* if you deſire to know,
Faith I have ta'ne my turne: And ſo muſt you.

Upon the Sickneſs, and recovery of a faire and fairely promiſed LADY.

But hadſt thou Death ſuch hopes alive,
Thy ſute could ever thrive,
In flatt'ring her
T' her Sepulher,
From her approaching bridall bed,
Alas! thy hopes are dead.
Dead as thy ſelfe
Unwelcome elfe,
But would you faine foreſtall, forſooth
The ſweets of bloomy youth?
Your ſute is cold
And you too bold.
Suffice it long time henee that thou
Bath in her aged ſnow,
Couldſt thou her ſend
To thy dark bed?
Her orient Eye would ſhoot a ray
Should make thy midnight day;
As though the Sun
Did thither run,
And all his rutilous Jewells ſet
In that cloſe Cabinet.
Then ſhould mourni n
See joyes morning.
Then paleſt aſhes ſhould revive
And Death be made alive.
VVhilſt we, blind wee,
It wee would ſee.

Muſt all our light Cymmerian like.
From flintie boſomes ſtrike.
But thanks to Heaven,
Death is bereaven:
Th' Eclipſe is paſt, and beauties light
Ha's baniſht dead of night.
See, ſee the love.
Of heaven above.
For we have here Gods bleſſings got
And the warme Sun to boot.
O let us now
Low as earth bow;
And gratefull ſacrifices give,
To him that here ſaid, let her live.

To a Gentleman deſiring mee to write a Paper of Verſes upon his ſitting whilſt the Painter was drawing his Picture.

AND Poet too? muſt you your figure ſee
In ſilent, and in ſpeaking poeſie?
I could admit this double taſk, in caſe
You had like *Janus* too a double face.
Say, is it your deſire? whilſt he does take
Your ſuperficiall lineaments, I ſhould make
Your vertues image? *Is* it this you mean?
I muſt like *Momus* have a Caſement then.
Or feare you men will ſay you are a creature,
Narciſſus like in love with your own feature?
And therefore have the *Painter* to produce,
A colour: And the Poet an excuſe:

Come

Come be adv iſd by mee, go to your wife,
Ile warrant you your Picture to the life.
Here you compoſe your countenance, And ſet.
Whilſt't may be ſhee's drawing your counterfeit.
Come the true way of lively li.e commanding
Is never done by ſitting, But by ſtanding.

Perſ.——*Pictoribus atque Poetis*
Quidlibet audiendi ſemper fuit æqua poteſtas.

To an impudent Scold that perpetually haunts her Husband, and not only abuſeth him but What ſoever Company is with him.

WOman (but may I call the ſo, and not
Forfeit that little judgment *I* have got?
Is't not enough y'are ugly, but beſide
Your ill ſhape you muſt be ill quality'd?
I had ſuppoſ'd that ſuch a one as you
Whoſe face a winning feature never knew
A woman (if that appellation may
Be yet allow'd) made of the courſeſt clay:
And of a fabrick ſo imperfect as't
Is well concluded nature was in haſt.
I had ſuppoſ'd *I* ſay, that ſuch a brute,
Had cauſe more then enough to have been mute
At leaſt ſhee ſhould if ſhee had ſilence broke.
With *Balams* Aſſe but once, and wiſely ſpoke.
But you unlock the thunder of your voice,
And twenty Iron Mills make not more noyſe.
When you begin the clamour of your prate
You make the rabulous rout at Billingſ-gate.

Mute as their Fish: VVere you my wife forsooth,
I should lock up the Barn-doores of your mouth.
Or ferret-like, low't up, My wife said I?
Some Planet first dispatch me from the skie.
Ide ransack beds of clay, and light upon
The Devill in a new fal lne sceleton.
Or what in man, or Hells invention worse is
Them think of the, Of thee thou curse of Curses.
O wretch thy Husband, O infortunate.
I drowne mine Eyes in sorrow for his fate.
I finde in story an inchanted Lasse
All day a Hagge: All night an angell was
His luck poor man is worse, for meeting you
Hee's haunted with a Hagge day and night too.
For when abroad in this sad plight he goes
Seeking some corner to unbreast his woes;
You follow him hot foot, and range about
Beating all bushes till you finde him out.
And when hee once but in your sight appeares,
You spend, And with full cry confound his eares,
And ours too, who admire what you intend him
VVhether to bait him, or to apprehend him.
Thus like *Actæon* with affrights hedg'd round
Hee flyes the furie of his owne feirce hound.
We know your language you Tartarian whore
That use to play bo-peep at Tavern dore.
Peaking for pimping rascalls, and when ere
You feare discovery, what's my Husband here:
Thus you obstreperous strumpet, Thus you must
Make your poore Husband cloak for your base lust.
Come, come, the proverb yet did never faile.
They that are quick of tongue, are quick of taile.
And I too plainly see, (though I am loth
To be too publick) you are quick of both.
Ile blast you with contempt if ere you come
To ask for Husband henceforth in my roome.

And

And teare your tongue from roote and roots if ere
I heare againe, What is my Husband here.
And to the Company ſpeak a word unmeet
Wee'l kick you through the Gantlet of our feet.

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